

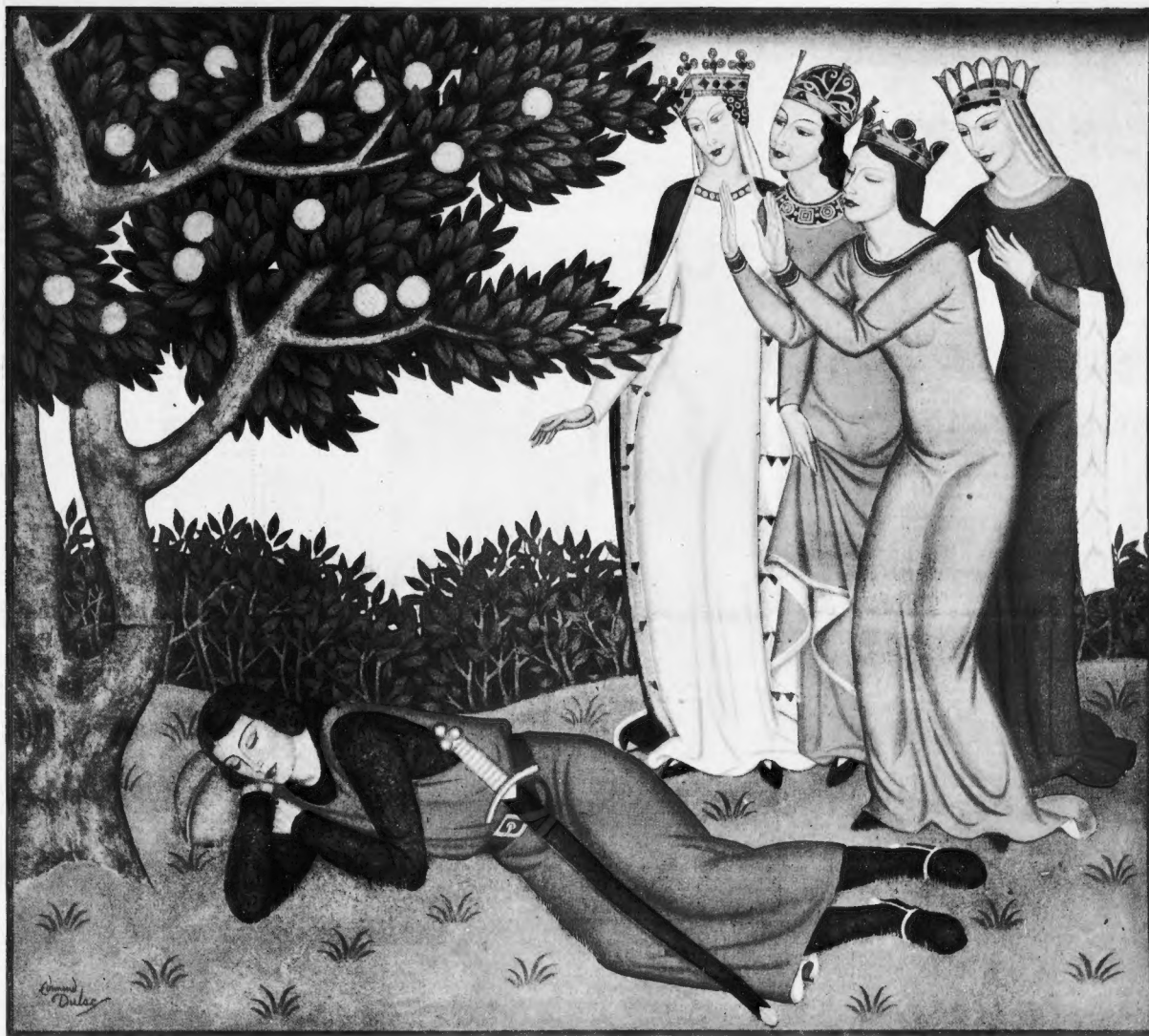
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Mar. 3, 1940



No. 5—The Tale of Launcelot and the Four Queens

WHEN Sir Launcelot was young he needed adventures, and every so often he went out to see what he could find. On the day we now speak of he took with him his nephew, Sir Lionel, who was still younger, and together they rode until they came to a wood, about noon. Then, for a whim, Sir Launcelot would rather have a nap than an adventure, and straightway he descended from his horse and stretched himself under an apple tree.

"Lionel," said he, "call me if anyone comes." So, crossing one ankle over the other and clasping his hands on his chest, he slept, while Lionel paced up and down, inquiring of himself what kind of adventure is this.

Then he saw three knights running, one behind the other, and after them a fourth, a powerful gentleman who caught up with one after the other, served them a knock on the head, and draped them like sacks over their own saddles, bound hand and foot with the reins of their own bridles. He was leading them off in a pack-horse line when it occurred to Sir Lionel that here was adventure if he were quick about it. So he tiptoed to his own horse, not to waken Launcelot, and having mounted, set his spear in rest and charged at the over-sized knight who had just stunned three in a row. Thereupon the large knight, with no trouble at all, served Sir Lionel

also a knock, picked him up and hung him over the saddle like the others, hitched him to the end of the procession, and led the train down the road.

Meanwhile Sir Launcelot slept one of the best naps that ever he slept till the sun reached his face and might have roused him had not four ladies come riding near the apple tree. They were Queens of great estate, all four, and beautiful, yet in character they were not so much. One was Queen of Northgalis, and one was Queen of Eastland, one was Queen of Out Isles, wherever those places may be, and one was Arthur's sister, Morgan Le Fay—which throws light on the others.

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life
of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

Seeing Launcelot asleep under the bough with his ankles crossed and his hands folded, the four ladies fell in love with him, though at the moment his mouth was open, and each lady plotted how to dispose of her three

friends.

"Don't let's quarrel," said Morgan Le Fay, who saw things in the large. "He's not enough for four, but we can't multiply him by losing our tempers. We'll put an enchantment on him and take him home. One of the rooms has bars on the windows. When his brain clears, in six hours or five, let him choose."

"Why not draw lots?" said the Queen of the Out Isles, who had small trust in Morgan. "I'd

leave it to chance."

"Let a man choose his love," said Morgan, "and you've left it indeed to chance, for no man has sense. It may well be he will choose you."

Thereupon the Queen of the Out Isles smiled and said Morgan had a pretty wit, and Morgan smiled back so you would think of arsenic. Then they ceased from pleasantry, the sun being already in Launcelot's eye, so they put the spell on him and took him home, and occupied themselves till he slept it off.

Then came again those four Queens, even more beautiful than before, they having used the time to work on their faces.

"Sir Knight," said they, "what cheer?"—as though to ask, "How do you feel now?"

"Ladies," said Launcelot, "I'd know how I felt if I knew where I was."

The Queen of the Out Isles would have spoken, but Morgan Le Fay waved a hand for silence.

"I'll tell him," said she, "since this is my house and the words come easy. Sir Launcelot, you are in love."

"Did I talk in my sleep?" said Launcelot with a start. "I promised Guinevere I'd tell nobody."

"You're in love with us," said Morgan, "and we'll be glad to know which it is."

Bewildered, he stared at them, all four standing as straight as they could and breathing deep.

(Continued on Page 16)



The Survey Revealed That Thousands of Englishmen Have Been Holding Out on Their Trusting Wives, Who Are Deserving a Closer Audit of Family Funds.

British Wives Declare War—On Their Husbands

WHILE English wives frantically against death from German bombers, the Empire's jittery ladies have just discovered a little "civil war" going on right under their noses. Everyone knows what a scrapper the husband is when she's good and mad and British wives have just found out they've been "two-timed" by their husbands ever since they were kissed at the altar. And are they out to get even.

Went of all, it's these "bawdiest" bomb shelters that stirred up all this fuss. Everything was lovely around the British home until the A. R. P. (Air Raid Precautions) officials started poking their dignified noses into every one's private affairs. This committee's job was to discover how many air raid shelters England needed.

There was a loud hubbub about the poor man's lot, so the A. R. P. came to a sudden halt. "Free shelters for families earning five pounds (\$25) or less per week," it announced. Such good news brought a tremendous rush for reservations, and delighted housewives hurried home to have their husbands sign the necessary statement as to income.

Then came the "pay-off." Any applicant who swore falsely faced heavy penalties not unlike those meted out in America to relief applicants who have means of support, but take Government money anyway.

Did many a husband's face turn a good British red? Now he was trapped for fair by a government that always has protected him. He'd trained his helpmate to collect her allowance each week and to be a little penurious. But he'd kept her in the dark as well, for she had no idea what he earned. Now she was jolly well going to find out, for he either had to chance jail or confess he earned more than the minimum. Many a housewife wasn't legally entitled to free shelter though thousands of housewives, counting their meager allowances, would have sworn they were. The British husband had covered up too well and was over-care for a come-uppance.

Stunned wives began private investigations and traded data over the tea cups. There was no other topic from aristocratic Mayfair to the stums of Soho and Limehouse. Such a hubbub the tight little lady hadn't heard in many a moon. The din reached Parliament as wives organized and struck for more than a junior partnership in that great institution, the Home.

One of Britain's women leaders is Dr. Edith Sumner-Skell, Member of Parliament, who demanded of the umbrella-toting apparition, Herr Chamberlain, that he reveal all the A. R. P. findings to the nation.

Chamberlain said the survey showed that 50 per cent of British wives didn't know how much their husbands earned. But Chamberlain said that was no matter. The little digging brought out some fantastic differences. Wives in some districts were so good-beaten that 100 per cent didn't know the family income. They weren't afraid, however, to enter Dr. Sumner-Skell, who placed together a shameful picture from their letters.

She received one from the wife of a trolley conductor in Deptford, a busy industrial section of London. On Deptford's back streets every penny counts. The letter explained why wives were so ignorant.

All that worries me is getting my share to run the house," she wrote. "So I never ask him. He gives me three pounds (\$15) a week. After he's paid his clubs it can't leave much."

Pretense came from the upper brackets as well, for keeping the better half in the dark isn't confined to any section of British life.

A woman whose husband was manager of a large firm in England's midland unburdened herself to Dr. Sumner-Skell. She was allowed two pounds and ten shillings per week. In American money that approximates \$12.50. When rent and salaries were paid, this shrunk to \$8.16. She was expected to stretch this for food, light and heat for her two children and a maid. "I cannot tell you the humiliation and mental anxiety all this causes me through not knowing what he really earns for I never have a penny left over for my little luxuries," she wrote. "I have a patient wife taken bit in her teeth and persuaded to do something about it."

Just a few more nerve-shattering experiences like these that the A. R. P. stirred up and the British husband will get most of his proud plunage plucked.

Nowadays the British wife sings sweet and low and steps softly about the house. It's "yes, my dear" this and "no, my dear" that. It reads this war on his doorstep worse than the one on the Western Front.

When bombing planes zoom overhead he doesn't batten to be cooped up underground with an opponent who fights catch-as-catch-can. No biting in the clutches for the lordly British male if he can do anything about it.

Are Honeymoons To Blame For Hundreds of Unhappy Marriages?

HONEYMOON trips are an invention of the devil, according to a leading French medical authority, Dr. Boileau, eminent obstetrician of Paris and member of the Académie de Médecine. They may be and often are, ruinous to the health of the newlyweds and gravely endanger the life prospects of their firstborn.

In an article recently published in *Le Monde Médical*, Dr. Boileau thunders against the ancient and popular custom of honeymooning and uses quite unadorned forceful invective at the expense of those who go gallivanting during their蜜月 down to the first important days of "double hitch."

At this period of their life, says Dr. Boileau, newlyweds should enjoy complete seclusion and repose. The emotional and physical strain contingent upon the beginning of a young man's and woman's life together makes extraordinary demands upon their strength. No other interests should claim their faculties during these first weeks. Instead of devoting their best capacities to the task of making a good start in matrimony, however, young people nowadays begin rubbing against the moment they leave the altar or the registrar's office, and turn their honeymoon into a mad joy ride that leaves them with forces spent, if not gravely ill, and saps the strength of their offspring before they are born.

Tradition demands, and the fashion of our own days insists on, the habit of the honeymoon trip. Most people, however, it is the one occasion in their lives when they can travel with less consideration of expense, and without those domestic and professional duties that usually attend the life of a married couple. The way of trips in later years, tugging at their skirts and coat-tails. "We only go on a wedding journey once in a lifetime," most people argue, "let's crowd as much strength and vigor into it as we can." The result usually is just the opposite of that calm and peaceful state that Dr. Boileau believes is necessary to make a successful start on married life.

A honeymoon by automobile, in the opinion of many doctors, is dangerous for most newlyweds. A high percentage of motorizing accidents, says the French physician, "is due to a state of emotional excitement and to inattention. The motor goes and is hard with. To concentrate one's attention on driving, the traffic and the changing scene at a time when the emotional faculties are so excited, is a young couple's life, is likely to be a severe strain. To get up in one place and to be in another day after day, eat big meals and drink more than usual, to spend half the night dancing in the stifling atmosphere of night clubs, in the snoring din and glare of those places of amusement that many honeymooning couples seem to consider it their duty to frequent, to submit themselves to long trains or motorcars, to climb mountains or tire oneself out by sightseeing is about the silliest thing that young married couples can possibly do."

Dr. Boileau's advice is to get married in the morning of their first-born children were, degenerate, feeble in mind and body. Such youngsters frequently lag far behind the other children of the same couple, offspring conceived

at a more propitious moment. A child conceived at a time when the parents are nervous, exhausted, perhaps even in a state of alcoholic intoxication, is born with a heavy handicap and the odds in the struggle for life are all against it. Anyway that's what Dr. Boileau thinks.

To prove that the parents themselves often have to pay grave penalties for the doubtful enjoyment of a crazy honeymoon rush, Dr. Boileau has analyzed 92 cases that have come to his attention in his clinical practice. In each of these cases he could trace diseases like pneumonia, chronic gastritis, catarrh, infection of the pelvic appendix, and other ailments to excesses of one kind or another during the honeymoon trip.

So study the psychology of the honeymoon. The psychological point of view, unhappiness of a lifetime caused by the mad custom of careening around half-a-dozen countries during one's honeymoon, this is a matter for psychiatrists and neurologists to discuss," concludes Dr. Boileau. "But it is obvious that at a time when they tackle the most difficult job of their lives, that of settling down to a life of marriage and getting used to each other, the newlyweds should devote themselves to their new job in peace, quiet and comfort."

"Everyone who has had occasion to study the psychology of young women knows in what a great number of cases a nervous shock met with during the honeymoon, is the root of evil effects that later cannot be unlearned. In most cases such a shock could be avoided if the honeymoon were a period of calm pleasure instead of the crazy, rushing, goblining of joys that it is today."

"If the honeymoon is a period of calm pleasure, it is not made to be made to include the medical profession to warn newlyweds against the possible disastrous consequences of what seems to be a pleasant and exciting experience."

Several of the leading French psychiatrists of France have more or less backed up the rather surprising statements of Dr. Boileau. They say that they have among their patients, particularly their women patients, many cases of physical and mental abnormality which can definitely be traced to honeymooning.

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Although There Were Speeches and a Civic Celebration for the Winged Beauties, They Missed Their Yearly Schedule and Refused to Show Up for the Festivities.

Game A Party For Ingrateful Butterflies

NATURE lovers along the Pacific Coast are beet now by a new worry. First, the famous swallows of San Juan Capistrano crossed them by a precedent-shattering excess from their accustomed haunts around the old mission there ahead of the date on which they have departed each Autumn for as long as the padres can remember.

The next mystery was the failure of the giant butterflies to put in their appearance at Pacific Grove the second week of November as they have done annually for the last fifty years.

Regularly, year after year, huge swarms of the colorful monarch butterflies have swarmed down on the Monterey Bay resorts from their Summer homes in the northern mountains. A few advance scouts always appeared to look over the setting the last week in October or early in November to make sure the coast was clear.

Within a week the air became filled with swarms of the big gauzy-winged insects that gathered in colorful clusters among the trees along the seashore at Asilomar and Pacific Grove.

The regular arrival of the butterflies each November impressed many people and became such a spectacular event in the life of the bay communities 'at the citizens decided some special notice should be taken of it.

So the authorities decreed it was only fitting and appropriate that they should show their appreciation of the bright-hued visitors for their annual call by setting aside a day to celebrate the occasion.

They enacted an ordinance making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine, for anyone to molest one of the insects. Then with the enthusiastic approval of the citizenry the city fathers voted to observe the first annual butterfly pageant, an event that was to be made an annual tradition to celebrate the coming of the butterflies from the cold mountain regions inland.

The date was set for November 11. Preparations were made to give the winged visitors a regal welcome. Speeches were scheduled. A gala time was planned.

Anyone who has seen the Rose Bowl festivals and the Frontier Day Celebrations of the Golden State can imagine what kind of a pageant these little towns put on when it came to glorifying the butterfly. It was a brilliant riot of the same colors that make these beautiful creatures the peacocks of the insect world.

Early in November the monarch butterfly seemed to appear as usual, but as each day went by no more came. The patient promoters scanned the skies in vain each morning with growing nagging, their hopes buoyed up only by the assurance of the old timers who swore that the butterflies would be there, for the good reason that "they hadn't failed in fifty years."

The morning of November 11 dawned clear and fair. There was neither cloud nor butterfly in the sky. Some- what disheartened by the absence of the honored guests the population went ahead with its butterfly pageant— but without the butterflies. Apologies were made for their delay and explanations were sought.

The experts placed the blame on the weather in one form or another. Some said the Summer habitat of the butterflies is in the mountain regions of Western Canada. Frost was late in coming to that region. Hence, they said, the butterflies were constipated when they were and tarried longer than usual before spreading their gaily wings for the trip southward.

Others insisted that the monarch species that heretofore had made early Winter quarters at Pacific Grove, hatch out on the high slopes of Mt. Shasta in northern California. Here, too, the season was late.

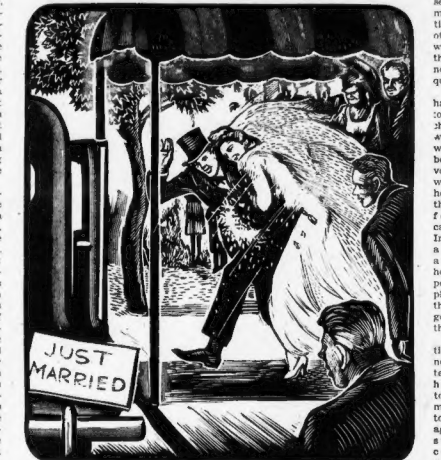
Perhaps the adverse butterfly season reported back on the unseasonal, record-breaking hot weather that had hit the coastal cities of California last fall and that may have deterred the winged visitors. Some scoffers even hinted that the butterflies may have decided to go to Florida for the Winter, but that report went unconfirmed. RH others contended that the dry Summer season throughout the northwest had disturbed the normal hatch of the butterflies.

Similarly perplexed were the residents of San Juan Capistrano this fall. At the old mission there the devout for many years have stood in awe at the miracle of the swallows. Each year since the mission was built by the early padres more than 150 years ago, legend says the swallows have returned each Spring on St. Joseph's Day, March 19. They take up their abode in nests under the eaves of the old structure.

They remain until Fall, when they all fly away on San Juan's Day, October 24. The arrival and departure of the swallows on the two sacred days has been observed and hailed for years as an occasion for celebration.

The swallows came on St. Joseph's Day this year, with the usual attendant festivities and devotional ceremonies. But in late August the mission fathers strolled out through the mission grounds to find the swallows gone. They had flown away to their unknown Winter quarters two months ahead of schedule.

No one could offer a reason for the unprecedented early departure. Worried all of the villagers now are waiting for the coming of St. Joseph's Day next Spring to see if the swallows resume their 150-year-old schedule and return to their familiar haunts on time.



If the French Physician is Right in His Theories, Most Married Couples Would Find Life Happier and Healthier If They Didn't Go Away on Honeymoons.

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The psychiatrists don't presume to say whether a quiet honeymoon spent at home would eliminate the antics that wrecked so many marriages before they were fairly underway.

But they do believe that more marriages would be much happier if the reserved state was entered without so much of the holiday spirit of old times, rice and honey-moons.

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"DISHONOUR thy Father and thy Mother"

The Escaped Warden of the Soviet Murder Camps Continues His Revelations and Describes a Hideous Dramatization of the Communists' Perversion of the Biblical Commandment Which Orders Children to Love Their Parents

THIS is the second and concluding article in which ex-Warden Kiselev gives a first hand account of torture and death among the hordes of Communist prisoners. On this page he tells of the perverted real-life "dramas" designed to entice Russian youths into forswearing their home life and parents to qualify as "ideal citizens" of the Soviet Union.

By V. N. KISSELEV,
Escaped Director of the Russian Penal Colonies.

IN CONCLUDING my story of the dreadful fate of the prisoners of the BLON, the Arctic penal colonies of the Soviet Government, I have selected Kond Island as the most terrible example of the mocking cruelties inflicted upon what the Communists call suspected enemies of the State—the only prison camp in the world, perhaps, that would provide, with no rewriting, an inexhaustible supply of drama for Paris' old theatre of horror, the Grand Guignol.

Playwrights who provided the uncanny and unbelievably diabolic plays for this theatre had to tax their imagination to the greatest extent, but only madman could conceive the devilish plots that are carried out in real life, but in a form of drama, on Kond Island.

The prisoners on this little dot in the White Sea are mostly anti-Communist intellectuals, artists, scholars, former nobles, and the outlawed clergy. It is called the tomb of the living dead—a camp from which no prisoner has ever returned. My visits there were seldom, because of the horrifying scenes I beheld.

There are five old barrack buildings and two crumbling monastery structures that have been turned into prisons. The island was supposedly equipped to house 4,850 captives, but in one winter 4,230 died, were killed or committed suicide.

Most of those sent to Kond Island carried commitment cards on which the Commissars who had sentenced them wrote "subject to special treatment." "Special treatment" meant incredible torture and ultimate death by official execution.

There were no ordinary executions, nor were they carried out in secret. Instead, they were highly and colorfully dramatized for the benefit of special guests at the prison camp—young students and workers invited as spectators.

As a sample of how these executions were turned into dramatic productions by Captain Alexander M. Novikov, in charge of the island camp, the tragic liquidation of Dr. D. Agavev and Madam Lola Rubin serves eloquently. Both the physician and Madam Rubin were intellectuals of distinction who had been arrested on suspicion during one of Stalin's purges.

Madam Rubin was an anti-Soviet agent of the Baltic States, and Dr. Agavev's crime was that he merely attended professionally the family of a high official who had been purged. On their commitment cards the code sign, a red cross and black star, had been stamped. Interpreted, this meant "execute without delay."

Captain Novikov eagerly made his plans to carry out this order. I witnessed personally the diabolic drama which he staged. He was an artist, if I may use that word. Every five days he produced a show similar to that which I am about to describe. He called this one "Dishonour Thy Father and Thy Mother," or "How a Boy Can Succeed." This play was to be a great spectacle and therefore could not be held, as were most of the others, on an improvised stage in one of the chapels of a monastery building. Instead, the theatre was a snow-covered hillside in front of one of the barracks.

A small group of prisoners were ordered to act in the show, usually with only scant regard for clothing to shield them against the zero weather. Some wore old pieces of burlap and others scraps of animal hides. Under the knouts of the guards, who also threatened them with bare swords, they were forced to parade in the spectacle. I saw two or three of those who were defiant, or too weak to carry

out their roles, beaten to within an inch of their lives.

The "hero" of "Dishonour Thy Father and Thy Mother" was a youth whose name in English would be Lou Simon, a village lout type called in Russia a "chepriksny."

Two thousand shivering prisoners, together with a group of 60 boys and girls from the Russian factories and schools sat spellbound throughout the play. Since this was outdoors and there was no curtain to conceal the stage, a platoon of 20 guards stood in front of the actors and when signals were given, deployed themselves, serving as a human curtain.

The first scene showed a bourgeois family at dinner—father, mother and son—the son being the murderous Mr. Lou Simon. The dialogue was brief and pointed. The young man was frustrated in this family of bourgeois parents who still clung to their religious beliefs and showed reverence to sacred objects such as icons, holy pictures and books.

To all exhortations from the parents (who were acting under the threat of the guards' guns), the son replied with expressions of disgust for those who still clung to religion or sentiment or spiritual ideals.

As the discussion grew heated, the young man dramatically set about smashing all the sacred objects, throwing the books into a fire and threatening his parents with violence. With a sort of primitive eloquence, he demanded that his father and mother adopt the godless revolutionary doctrines of the Communists.

Leaping at Madam Rubin, cast as the mother, Simon pummeled her with his fist, tore off some of her outer garments, which were hardly garments at

all, leaving her in a sack-like costume. Both because it was so written in the play and because of his natural desire to protect the woman, Dr. Agavev, as the father, went to Lola's defense. He, too, was beaten by his supposed son and was knocked down several times, after which he suffered the same indignity as the woman by having his pathetic upper clothing stripped from him. Simon then seized from under a bench a long knout or slave driver's whip. Across the backs of both man and woman he laid his lash until the blood stained the bare skin and what was left of the clothing. Reluctantly he kept up this flogging until Madam Rubin fell face forward on the ice. The instinct of the medical man again prompted Dr. Agavev to kneel beside her and render what comfort he could, but for this he was beaten by the butt of the whip. At this moment the human curtain closed on the scene, while the guards and Novikov applauded.

The young visitors sat silent until the actors were revived, and the play went on.

The next act was short. In the final scene the son's rebellion against family life and his

flaming zeal for Communism decided him to kill his parents if they finally refused to forswear their religion and family life. He threatened them, not with a whip this time but with a pistol, and this weapon was no stage prop. It was not loaded with blanks.

In a frenzied climax this "boy who succeeded" backed his parents against a post, and raging at them, fired six shots.

Real bullets found their marks. And just before the human curtain closed again, Dr. Agavev and Madam Rubin lay dead on the frozen ground.

Strangely enough, such zest and realism as were put into the play convinced many of the visiting youth that Agavev and Madam Rubin were actually the parents of this young executioner trained in the art of murder.

Captain Novikov's ingenuity in introducing such dramas as this was responsible for his appointment to the post of Kond Island. It was the kind of irony that pleased Josef Stalin but the kind of sarcasmic torture that prompted me finally to make my escape from Soviet Russia and come to Helsinki. I was sickened by this awful experience, but had to act out my own role when Captain Novikov invited me as his superior and a group of reviled, demoniac guards to his cabin where champagne and

sandwiches were served while the brutal assemblage sat to work immediately to plot another "play."

I lost no time in leaving this company of madmen, and I signalled for the sled to take me back to my headquarters.

Despite the ingenious way in which Novikov worked out his "plays" the themes were always the same—a Communist youth, either a girl or boy, rebelling against parents who tried to cling to some last vestige of the happier Russia of the past, and the idealization of the youth through the execution of the parents. Always the leading man was a professional executioner. Lou Simon played in many such roles and administered the coup de grace while hundreds of prisoners gasped in horror at the scene, while the backs of vicious human wolves that would seek revenge from this island hell by suicide.

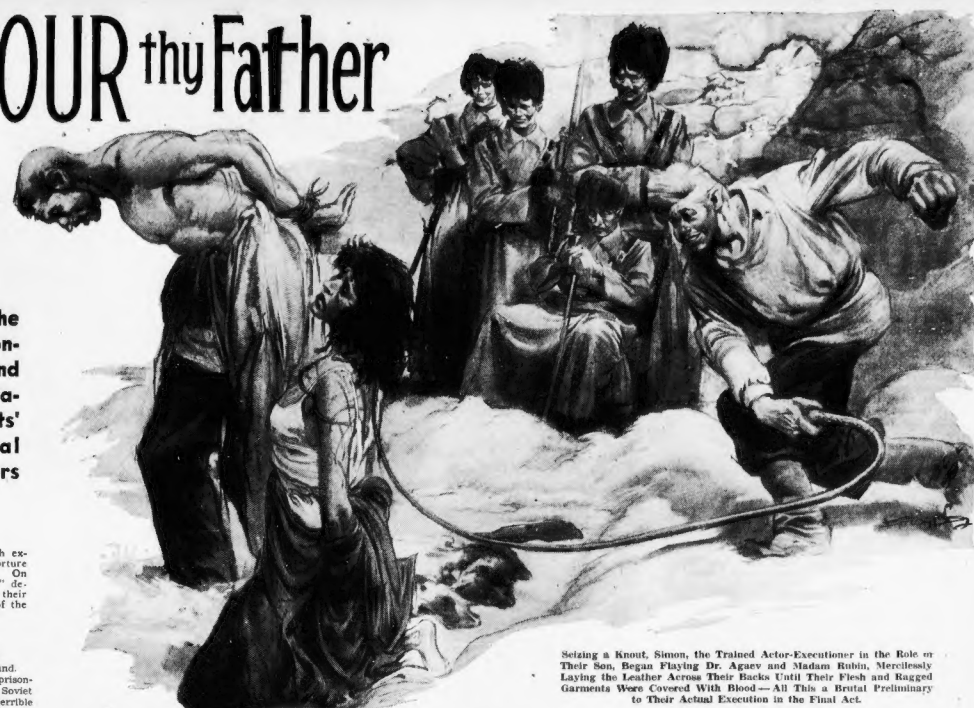
One favorite method of death by suicide was to attract the guards' attention, attempt a make-believe escape and then be shot by the men pursuing them. On other occasions some of the prisoners would run along the ice, purposely slip and coast until their heads were dashed against the stone walls of the barracks.

In Russia ideal citizens, especially the youthful ones must have no respect or love or devotion for parents, but should dedicate their lives to the State, become informers if necessary whenever they think their parents are considering a treasonable act. Sentimental love is identical with the word "bourgeois" in the mind of Stalin and of his cohorts at Novikov. To be bourgeois is to be immoral. Youth is taught that family ties stand in the way of Communist activities and that they should divorce themselves from family life. In order to accomplish this, what is known in other countries as loose morals are encouraged, so that young people in general will defy all civilized moral codes and by this condition be woaded away from blood relationships and become sons and daughters of the State.

All over Russia plays with these themes are produced, and always they are clinaxed by a divorce of youth from family influence. The crazy Novikov, in presenting his real tragedies at Kond was merely stealing Stalin's thunder and putting more realism into it.

Occasionally there are official inspection tours of the prison camps. On these occasions, too, all the wardens, including myself and Novikov, resorted to theatricalism. I remember one notable inspection for which the stage was set. We were informed that Maxim Gorky and an American newspaper correspondent were to pay us a visit.

Before their arrival the whole scene was changed so that the colony presented the appearance of neat, well-kept tourist camps, and the prisoners transformed so as to appear to be happy, reasonably contented and provided



Seizing a Knout, Simon, the Trained Actor-Executioner in the Role of Their Son, Began Playing Dr. Agavev and Madam Rubin, Mercilessly Laying the Leather Across Their Backs Until Their Flesh and Ragged Garments Were Covered With Blood—All This a Brutal Preliminary to Their Actual Execution in the Final Act.



Scene From a Typical Play, "Aristocrats" at the "Realistic Theatre," Moscow. The Onlookers Are Shown Enjoying a Strangulation.



A Scene From One of the Old Grand Guignol Horror Plays, None of Which Could Equal the Real-Life Horror Plays Described by Former Warden Kiselev.



Scene From "Dark Forces," an "Educational" Soviet Movie; the "Dark Forces" Are Those Opposed to Communism and the Picture Shows One of Them Caught in an Attempt to Loot the Village Soviet Headquarters; Next Comes His Trial and Execution in Elaborate Detail.

Ever Too Old to Steal a Woman's Heart?

AN OCTOGENARIAN is in his "aching eighties," his "declining years," so-called because he is supposed to decline invitations to drink, dance, sit up late or do anything foolish that might strain his aging heart. Most of all, of course, he should decline any temptation to steal another man's wife—a mistake which belongs exclusively to one's mispent youth.

Therefore, when the good Dr. Byron W. Haines, at the age of 84, was dragged some-what stiffly into a San Francisco court, accused of stealing the love of pretty Mrs. Lillian Willey, in a \$200,000 heart-balm suit, a jury of eight good women and true, plus four mere men, couldn't quite believe it. They decided that Captain James H. Willey, of the United States Naval Reserve, must have lost his wife without any miraculous explanation, just through "natural causes."

According to Capt. Willey, his work as an inspector of hulls forced him to leave his happy wife in their happy home, with its private beach on the wooded peninsula of Belvedere, which forms a fashionable suburb in San Francisco, to confer with Uncle Sam at Washington, D. C.

Uncle Sam was busy, so this took quite a long while, which was not the captain's fault. Returning home at last, instead of a loving wife, he found an unaffectionate stranger sitting on his front steps. The man handed him a summons and complaint from his wife, charging him with desertion and cruelty for which she wanted a divorce.

Lillian having gone away somewhere, the captain asked neighbors, milkmen and other expert observers, as to why she had gotten that way in his absence. He says they told him that it was all due to that "flaming old man up on the hill."

Captain Willey is 58, Mrs. Willey, 37, not exactly children according to ordinary standards, but mere babes in comparison with the venerable Dr. Haines.

Dr. Haines is a retired dentist who has lived a full life, including three wives, one of whom he forgot on the witness stand, until his memory was refreshed by the captain's lawyer, Alexander Wyman. According to the theory of this same attorney, it was also full of other romances. But when he attempted to go into these, Haines' lawyer, George N. Crocker, shouted:

"We are only trying this one case. I object."

Superior Court Judge Edward I. Butler ruled that any such stories would be irrelevant and immaterial, so the old gentleman's lengthy past was not laid bare. His career runs far back into the dark days of dentistry when children ran away from home rather than face the torture chamber. He was among the first to adopt the more merciful dental engine instead of the old-fashioned prying instruments by which fragments of tooth were quarried out, in agonizing pieces.

Drills for the new-fangled engine were expensive but in removing old, amalgam fillings he changed them as fast as they became dull. He had to charge more, but the sharp drills did not hurt the tooth and make it ache, as dull ones do. It paid too, because not only children but their nannies and other elders came to him for relief, to give themselves up to any dentist but comparatively painless Dr. Haines.

As a result, he put gold in most of San Francisco's high-society mouths and had plenty more of it invested when finally he took off his white coat and professional manner for the last time, to spend his declining years in peace.

But peace is not easily won, as the dentist soon found out. He complained in vain to the State Corporation Commissioner that a San Francisco brokerage house had sold him stock at \$100 a share when it could have been bought on the curb at \$50. This extracted somewhat painfully a portion of his savings. There was still plenty of wealth left.

Last August he caused the arrest of Art Murphy, local real estate dealer, on a charge of grand theft. According to the dentist's story, he had offered Murphy to buy an apartment house for him as an investment, and Murphy had turned it over for \$62,000, representing that as what he had to pay for it. Later Dr. Haines claimed to have found out that Murphy had paid only \$38,500 for the property.

A jury recently disagreed on the theft charge and the matter of his \$45,000 suit that went with it is still pending. Let any one think this matter irrelevant and imma-



Dr. Byron W. Haines, 84, But, He Told the Jury, Ever Too Old to Be Called a Don Juan.



Picturesque Hill-Top Mansion of Dr. Haines Where Mrs. Willey Received Her Appointment as the Managers of One of His Apartment Houses.

trial to the heart-balm action, let it be said that Mrs. Willey turned up in the midst of the apartment house, as its manageress.

But his most serious problem seems to have been loneliness which caused him to become acquainted with his neighbors, the Willeys, whom, he says, he befriended financially. In return for this he was permitted to run himself on their private beach and Mrs. Willey acted as his chauffeur, but that, he says, was positively all.

The hull expert, however, alleges that the tooth expert broke up his home by ardent heart-alienation with promises of security and other inducements including automobiles, jewels, furs and the management of the apartment house.

The captain got his suit on the calendar just before the California Legislature's deadline, outlawing all future breach-of-promise and alienation-of-affections actions.

Mrs. Amelia Devencenti, a former neighbor, told the jury that once in 1938, she had walked into the Willey home to find the dentist coming from the stairs leading to Mrs. Willey's bedroom. She had scolded the old gentleman, she said, and then had gone in to find Mrs. Willey in negligee. But then, aged gentlemen are liable to be careless about



Mrs. Lillian Willey, Whose Love Was Valued by Her Husband at \$200,000, But She Says He Could Not Have Lost It Because He Never Had It.



The Willey Home Where, the Captain Charges, Dr. Haines Entered as a Friend and Left With Mrs. Willey's Affections.

reduced them to exactly zero dollars and no cents. She said:

"I didn't love him when I married him and I never loved him. I simply married him to get a home for myself and my two boys by a former marriage. There was no love to alienate."

The reasons she was not satisfied with the loveless home, which she must have expected, were several, and came out in the course of the divorce and the heart-balm suit. For one thing she said she was disappointed to find that he did not have the money or the credit at the stores which she had expected.

In the divorce she charged that the captain had "no consideration for plaintiff's health, happiness or interest." Despite his salary of \$273 a month, she alleged, he "refused to pay doctors' bills, or to purchase clothing, although he demanded that I be well-dressed at all times."

In reply to her query as to how this was to be done without money, she asserted that he suggested borrowing clothing from friends and relatives. A small property settlement was made and she obtained her interlocutory decrees last March.

Troubles had begun shortly after their marriage, she testified. An anonymous woman had called up and threatened her life. The captain drank to excess, and kept her awake by banging pots and pans around, she said, and once the captain threatened her with a pistol and it took five men to disarm him.

"I spent that night at a neighbor's home," she went on, "and Captain Willey threw all the furniture from our house out into the front yard. The next morning, he put the furniture back and brought me some gardenias as a peace offering."

That same night, she told them, the captain was drunk again and threatened to kill her.

"He started to climb out of bed," she informed the jury, "so I hit him over the head with a poker and he got back in again."

After revealing this poker-to-head applica-

Captain Willey, Inspector of Hulls, Says Haines, the Dentist, Extracted His Comparatively Young Wife's Love. But the Octogenarian Testifies It Just Didn't (And Couldn't) Happen—And the Jury Agreed With Him. Dropping the Captain's \$200,000 Suit



Captain James Willey, Who Told the Court That the Aged Dentist Extracted Mrs. Willey's Affection While He Was Away Inspecting Hulls.

tion treatment for making a husband return to his bed, she admitted under cross-examination, taking a trip to Mexico with Dr. Haines but saw no evil in it, nor the part that she was acting as manager of the apartment house.

Captain Willey, after reiterating on the stand all the charges in his complaint, was asked if he hadn't been giving gay parties in his home since his wife no longer lived there. He threw that question neatly back at the defense by suggesting that it would be hard to entertain without heat, light and water in the house, as such was the situation there.

Usually in such suits the lady involved outshines all other witnesses but, in this case, Dr. Haines at least co-starred with Lillian. In the first place his appearance belied his age. Though hair and moustache were snow white, there is a little of Shakespeare's "lean and shaggy pantaloon" about him, and he took the stand without even wincing.

Asked if he intended to marry Mrs. Willey, the dentist thundered an unflinching, "NO!" and shouted it again, in spite of his lawyer's objection, when asked if all his chauffeurs were not other men's wives.

He swore that he had not broken up the Willey home, supported Mrs. Willey since, lived in the apartment house she managed or promised to give her the property. He denied opening an account in her name or giving her expensive presents, with the exception of one piece of fur, which had been with the captain's permission. The husband, he said, had given him a check for that but knowing he was hard on him he had sent it back.

"Our relation was just a beautiful friendship," he explained, the first time the opposing lawyers gave him a chance.

The one that most interested the courtroom's society audience, was his last snow of all. Recalled by his lawyer, George N. Crocker, he was asked:

"Dr. Haines, you have been accused of certain acts of impropriety with Mrs. Lillian Willey. Will you please tell the jury whether or not this was a possibility?"

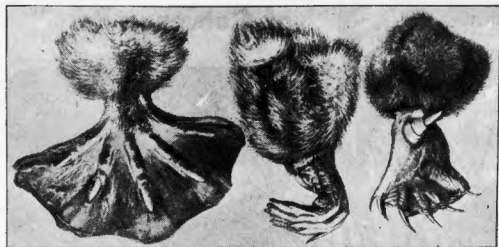
"This is very embarrassing to me," the 84-year-old defendant replied, "but the truth is that nothing of the sort could have happened within the last 14 years. In fact I haven't even given it a thought."

By subtracting 14 from 84, the jury could determine that he had put aside all such frivolous thoughts at exactly the Biblical age of three-score years and ten. So they exonerated the octogenarian dentist of extracting a neighbor's wife from her happy home.

When the verdict was announced, there were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Willey and a broad smile on the lips of the white haired defendant. Both Mrs. Willey and Dr. Haines expressed "extreme joy" over the verdict, and, standing just outside the courtroom door, they shook hands cordially with each of the jurors as they came out.

A MONDROUS BIRD? FISH? MAMMAL? REPTILE? IS THE PLATYPUS

Curiously Mixed-Up Life of "Splash," Nature's Most Remarkable Freak Creature, Which Has a Bill Like a Duck's, Lays Eggs But Suckles Its Young, Lives Mostly Under Water Like a Fish, Has Fur Like a Mole's and Poison Fangs Like a Snake's, Only They Are in His Hind Feet Instead of in His Mouth



The Foot of the Platypus Showing the Broad Web It Uses When Swimming.

The Foot Curved and With the Web Contracted in the Position It Uses for Walking on Land.

The Poison Spur on the Back Feet Is Supplied With Venom Like a Snake's Fang and Is Almost as Deadly.

By DONALD HENDERSON.

MELBOURNE, Australia. THE duck-billed platypus has always ranked as one of the paradoxes of the animal world. When it was first reported from Australia some hundred and fifty years ago the scientists, many of whom had recently been bamboozled by "mermaids" from China, dismissed it as a new hoax. The arrival of specimens, however, convinced them, and since then the platypus, which has feet and bill like a duck's, fur like a mole's, and fangs like a reptile's, which lives both in water and on land, and which lays eggs and yet suckles its young like a mammal, has had the constant attention of science.

The platypus is still to be found in Tasmania and on the east coast of the Australian mainland. Some of its haunts are not very far from my own home in Gippsland. Its general appearance suggests a large lizard that has decided to grow fur. It is about two feet long and weighs about four pounds, but a very loose skin and long fur make it look much bigger.

The fur is reddish-brown in color, shading off to a silvery grey underneath the body. The head and body, united by an ill-defined neck, are very flat, and so is the beaver-like tail. The small eyes, placed high, give the greatest possible range of vision. The bill somewhat resembles that of a duck, but it is more pliable, and is, in fact, rather like soft rubber.

The legs are pronouncedly reptilian, except that the fore paws have unique webs for swimming. When the beast is running or burrowing it can fold these webs away. Extraordinarily loose joints also allow it to comb almost any part of its fur with its hind claws. The platypus is as fussy as a cat about its toilet, and any spots these claws cannot reach it preens with its bill in much the same way as a bird preens its feathers.

On the inner side of the feet of the male platypus there is a strong movable spur. The purpose of this was first revealed in 1816 when Sir John Jamieson reported an alarming experience to the Linnean Society. His over-seer was attempting to remove a wounded platypus from the water when the animal dug its spurs into his hand. Acute poisoning set in immediately, and the man very nearly lost his life. What he discovered so painfully was that the male platypus is venomous like many of the reptiles. Only instead of carrying its fangs in its head, it carries them in its feet.

The platypus looks its feet in the water. But one must make no sound or movement when it is at the surface. It comes up very cautiously, head first. If there are no suspicious sights or sounds the body is allowed to float slowly to a spread-eagled position. After a few moments' rest or play it throws its head beneath its body and dives again, swimming almost fearlessly until it reaches the bottom and begins its search for food.

It swims with its fore paws, while the hind feet keep its equilibrium, and the tail, moved leisurely and gracefully, serves as a rudder. But although a good diver, the platypus cannot stay very long under water and must soon come up to breathe. The maximum period recorded is ten minutes. If caught in a fish trap it is always found drowned. In its breathing equipment, as in its whole organization, the platypus is



The Nest of the Platypus Showing Two of Its Eggs Which Are About as Big as Pigeon's Eggs, But Are Soft-Shelled Like a Snake's.



The Duck-bill of the Platypus, Which Looks Formidable, But Really Isn't Because It Is Pliable and Rubbery and Can't Do Any Harm.

extremely delicate. Early collectors had only to discharge a gun beneath it and the confusion alone was fatal.

The platypus makes two types of burrow—one for everyday use and one for nesting. The resting burrow, the all-the-year-round home, is usually a semi-circular excavation with one to three sleeping chambers, completely un-

nished. "Mixed" living is never indulged in. Male and female never inhabit the same burrow, which is, however, sometimes shared by two males.

The more complicated nesting burrow, built by the female during the mating season, is an architectural wonder. The loomed soil is not ejected, but when the animal has burrowed a few inches it contorts its body and manages to compress the soil to a mere fraction of its former bulk. It also spreads it quite evenly along the whole burrow, which is always astonishingly regular—flat on the bottom and carefully domed on top. The burrow is usually about twenty-five feet long and ends in a circular nesting chamber which in most instances is only about a foot in diameter.

Here the platypus very painstakingly builds the nest of grass and leaves in which she lays two eggs about as large as those of a pigeon, but characteristically reptilian in the parchment-like texture of their shells. The period of incubation is twenty-one days, and during this time the female does not leave her burrow, but seals herself in by a truly amazing series of "pugs," like those sometimes used for sealing mines.

A short distance from the entrance the female excavates a small chamber and compacts the excavated soil into a pug, which she uses to seal the burrow between the puppit and the entrance. Working toward the nest she repeats this work at several points, usually where the burrow changes direction. She makes as many as ten of these pugs, and should feel secure in her retirement.

Later, when her young have developed their

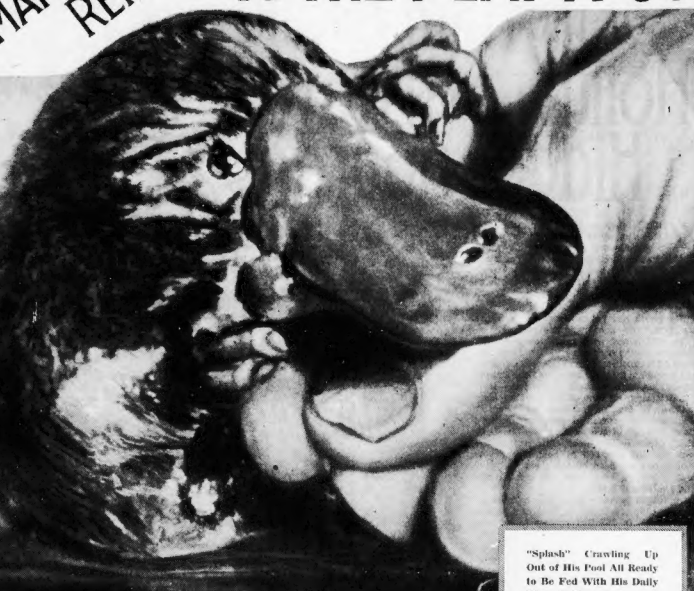
prodigious appetite, she has to make journeys to the outer world—yet each time she goes out she laboriously digs through and replaces the pugs. Not until they are over a foot in length are the young led to the water by their mother, who releases crunched food for them to pick up—usually worms and small aquatic animals.

A delicate constitution, the need of a very carefully chosen diet and a ludicrously large appetite make the platypus difficult to keep in captivity. Europe has not seen a live specimen, but America has been more fortunate. In 1922 a male survived the journey to the New York Zoo and lived there for forty-nine days before it was killed by the artificial conditions. In Australia two captives have become quite famous—"Bingle," whom Mr. David Fleay kept at the Melbourne Zoo for more than two years, and "Splash," who was kept by Mr. Robert Eadie at his home at Healesville, Victoria.

Splash is the real hero of the platypus world. He was caught when he was five months old wandering in a field of maize, and handed over to Mr. Eadie, who built a special platypus with water-tank, sleeping-box, passage-ways and exercise-yard, and obtained a permit to make his experiment.

For eleven days Splash hid in a recess and refused to eat. Mr. Eadie thought he was bound to die, and was about to release him, when Splash suddenly emerged from his seclusion and tackled his worms with gusto. After that he developed an appetite which proved as worrying as his previous hunger-strike. Only the discovery, after much fruitless research, of an egg diet made it possible to keep him. Every day he had sixteen ounces of worms, custard made from two large eggs, and all the tadpoles available.

During his captivity he disposed of more than half a ton of worms, thousands of tadpoles, and more than two hundred dozen eggs. Splash soon came to recognize Mr. Eadie as a friend. When he heard his soft whistle, he would amble through the tunnel which served as his burrow and dive excitedly into the water in expectation of a game with his



"Splash" Crawling Up Out of His Pool All Ready to Be Fed With His Daily Diet of Earthworms, Grubs and Two Ducks' Eggs.

favorite toy, an old kitchen mop.

Splash had visitors from all parts of the world. I first met him on the fourth anniversary of his capture. He had many admirers that day and was fully alive to the importance of the occasion. I particularly remember the revels he made when his birthday-cake appeared—decorated with four fat worms, alive and wriggling. He crept round the pool, turning somersaults in sheer excitement, and then, like any child, selected the titties—the four fat worms. About a month later I was much distressed to find, as one of the chief items of news in my morning paper, that Splash had, after entertaining more than twelve hundred admirers, died full of years, worms and much honor.

Splash disliked certain colors. One would imagine that one color would look like another to a platypus, but bright blue alarmed him. As soon as a visitor appeared with a bright blue dress, Splash would dive into his tank or burrow into his log.

Splash's aversion to blue was founded on natural instinct. In trying to pose Splash against a white background for the purpose of photographing him, he would strenuously resist this arrangement. His instinct had warned him that he was being preserved; he should not be posing so conspicuously. When the white setting or the blue color was removed, he played his part normally.

Only once did Splash really lose his temper. Mr. Eadie says in his book, "The Platypus": "The platypus can be a formidable little creature when aroused. Only once have I seen Splash infuriated, and it is difficult to account for his bad behavior on that occasion."

A number of people had gathered at the usual hour for exhibition. After a little persuasion, he was induced to vacate his sleeping compartment and glide into the water as usual.

"It was not long before I realized that something was wrong. His behavior and pose were contrary to his ordinary attitude under similar circumstances."

"When I first tried to encourage him to enter into the little frolics of which he is thus written before Splash died, usually so fond, he displayed an abhorrence which was quite foreign to his usual bearing."

"When Splash first enters the water it is usual for him to make an attack on the food supply."

"After partaking a small quantity, it is customary for him to approach at my whistle and indulge in a little playfulness."

"In this instance he swam around his bath very rapidly, with an occasional fierce peck at the worms in his dish. All of his old friendliness had deserted him and he appeared to be consumed by a feeling of extreme restlessness and caprice. He could not be induced to feed out of my hand, and his old practice of nuzzling my fingers was quite ignored."

"I got a real surprise, and some evidence of his passion, when I placed my hand on his back. At that moment he made an unexpected thrust at my hand with his hind leg."

"The action was so rapid that any movement which may have been contemplated to avoid the attack would have been too slow to have escaped the onslaught. I have seen reptiles strike and I imagine that the action of the platypus is of equal speed. The spur just touched the skin of my hand, but it did not lacerate; it was just short of a fraction."



"Splash" Taking a Little Snooze on the Bank of the Pool. The Fur Is Beautifully Soft and Almost Led to the Annihilation of the Queer Little Creatures by Fur Hunters Until the Australian Government Declared a Permanently Closed Season Upon Them.

Strange Tragedies of the Hunt for the Hollywood Bowl's Hidden Hoard

WHEN Henry S. Jones committed suicide the other day, a lot of people who believe in jinxes were convinced that this unemotional engineer was the ninth victim of the "Curse of Cahuenga Pass," which is supposed to bring violent death to anyone who tries to find Hollywood Bowl's legendary treasure.

"His ghost has taken its place with the other eight," they said, "and is already guarding the loot, along with the three phantoms on horseback, the sly peon with his burro, the arrogant Mexican rebel, the eager old Castilian grandee and his tragic stepson, and the Basque sheep-herder, with seaweed in his hair, leering and jeering, all nine of them, at anybody who thinks he can find that haunted treasure."

But skeptics scoffed at such superstitious notions, and one of the scoffers was Mr. D. J. Bintliff, formerly Mr. Jones' chief rival in the search for the \$200,000 in gold and jewels supposed to have been buried about 75 years ago in Cahuenga Pass, near the present site of the Hollywood Bowl.

A practical business man, who believes he has clues that are bound to lead him to the hiding place, Mr. Bintliff refuses to let this latest tragedy frighten him into abandoning the hunt.

"It was just a coincidence," he said, when he heard that Mr. Jones had killed himself in a San Francisco parking lot, by running a rubber tube from the exhaust to the interior of his automobile and then breathing deadly carbon monoxide fumes.

Perhaps Mr. Bintliff is right and yet there is no denying that a strange series of misfortunes led up to that suicide.

Mr. Jones and his associates were guided in their search by an electrical contraption called a "doodebug," which was invented by Mr. Frank Hookstra and is supposed to get excited whenever operated over a spot where gold is hidden.

Unfortunately, the mechanical gold-hound, like an ordinary dog, showed a tendency to get excited over false events and led the searchers over the wrong tracks. On one occasion it had a sort of nervous breakdown when it came to a place where are deposits and some other hidden substance, presumably a pocket of natural gas, lay close together, underground.

But at one point in the parking lot adjoining the Hollywood Bowl, it had such a violent reaction that Mr. Jones and his associates were convinced they were on the right track and started to dig.

Then their troubles began. The deeper they dug the more their misfortunes multiplied. The walls of their shaft kept caving in without warning; their machinery broke down repeatedly for no apparent reason; then Mr. Jones' car was wrecked in a collision and he had to get a new one. Finally, at 40 feet they struck a boulder and the next thing they knew, water had flooded their shaft.

Disunion broke out among the partners and they parted company, still believing the treasure could be found, but none able to carry on alone.

Discouraged and harassed by financial burdens, Mr. Jones returned to his home in San Francisco and a few weeks ago his wife divorced him. Whether or not that had anything to do with his suicide is not known, any more than it is known just what distorted fears may have been haunting him, or what fantastic images may have fitted through his tortured mind—but a few days later he rigged that rubber tube to his car's exhaust pipe, got inside with the window shut and the engine running, and gave up the search for all earthly treasure.

Mr. Bintliff, the practical business man, is not relying on anything as scientific or up-to-date as an electrical "doodebug." He pins his faith to something far more fascinating—an old faded map and a letter bequeathing it to an unknown "Dolores." These clues could hardly have come into his possession in a more interesting manner than they have, contrived by a Hollywood scenario writer.

Some people cannot keep away from saloons. With others it is the gambling tables. But Mr. Bintliff's weakness is the auction room and the one thing he finds almost irresistible is any sort of ancient, locked chest, with "contents unknown." At an auction some time ago, he had a mouldy, old trunk knocked down to him for three perfectly good dollars. Taking it home and busily breaking the rusty lock, he found it contained a



"Superstitious People Can Well Imagine That the Engineer's Spook Now Guards the Loot, Along With the Three Phantoms on Horseback, the Sly Peon With His Burro, the Arrogant Mexican Rebel, the Eager Castilian Grandee and His Tragic Stepson and the Basque Sheep-herder With Seaweed in His Hair—All Jeering and Leering at Anyone Who Continues the Quest."

which was in the possession of his associate.

"I have drawn a circle on the map," he wrote. "Within it lies the treasure of the patriot, Vega. When I have found it, I shall return and buy you many gifts. Guard this map and should misfortune befall me, seek out the spot with your brothers. It is all I, Jose, have to bequeath you, my Dolores."

Bintliff deserted his beloved auction rooms to hunt libraries and old missions to read histories and ancient records. Finally he put together the following skeleton of adventure and romance worthy of the best Conan Island tales and all verified by records.

The narrative begins 75 years ago in Mazatlan, Mexico, where General Placido Vega was in rebellion against the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian.

Things became desperate for Vega when he ran out of money which meant that his soldiers would also run out. Appeals to the wealthy Hacienda brought results in the form of jewels and gold estimated at about a quarter million dollars. General Vega sent the treasure to San Francisco where it was to be spent for munitions and other war supplies.

Four trusted men were put in charge of conveying the wealth—the leader, a Mexican whose name has been lost; an English soldier of fortune also nameless; Captain Henry Malcolm, American adventurer, and a Mexican cavalry captain named Davila. On the journey up, the leader who had the sole right to dispose of the treasure, died mysteriously.

Arrived at San Francisco, the three remaining men decided to bury the treasure until further orders from their chief. Accordingly, the gold and jewels were divided into six separate bundles, each wrapped in buckskin. With these they managed to amaze away unnoticed into the hills beyond San Bruno. There they buried the bundles, smoothed over the ground, built a fire on the spot and returned to the city to await orders.

The general came in person to superintend the burying and at once sent the three out to dig up the treasure, but they found only an empty hole. The excited Davila instantly accused the Englishman, who replied by knocking him down. The Mexican arose, knife in hand, the Briton drew his revolver, and before the American could intervene, each man mortally wounded the other.

Malcolm could bring back to Vega only the sad news. This sole survivor of the original four did not survive long, being killed in a

quarrel over water rights, in Arizona.

The person to blame for the disappearance was Diego Moreno, a Mexican ranch laborer, who, instead of laboring, was

taking a long siesta that day in some underbrush. Lastly he saw three men on horseback arrive and bury something hot, not for four enough to make him investigate with a spade. What he found transformed Diego temporarily into a man of vigor. Packing the six bundles on his faithful burro, he headed back toward his native land.

One night on the long journey he took lodging at a roadside tavern which stood near the present junction of Cahuenga Pass and Highland Avenue, on the outskirts of what is now Hollywood.

Before dawn, according to legend, Diego awoke in a cold sweat. An angel had appeared to him in a dream and warned him he would die a horrible death should he carry the treasure further. Shaking with fright, the superstitious Mexican arose and stole out into the hills just west of the Pass to a spot about halfway to the summit. (Within this immediate vicinity is now situated the world famous Hollywood Bowl.) Here he dug six holes and secreted the bundles therein.

Roughly asked though he was, Diego still retained enough cunning to take bearings from a Western ash tree growing on the hillside, so he might perhaps some day return—when the angel wasn't looking—and reclaim the swag.

Diego hung around Los Angeles for a year or so unable to tear himself away from the neighborhood of his hidden wealth, yet having far too much respect for the warning to touch it. Unable to find work and suffering from malnutrition, he fell ill and was in a serious condition when he was taken in by a prosperous and philanthropic countryman named Don Jesus Martinez.

On his deathbed Diego told his benefactor the story of the treasure he had cached in Cahuenga Pass. It would have been better had he begun at the end instead of the beginning because just as he mentioned the ash tree, the death-rattle stopped him. "Telling him he and perhaps his nameless associate the victims of someone else who had a map? unexcused exercise and dropped dead of heart-failure. The boy died in terror, steadfastly refusing to help anyone else hunt.

The matter had been pretty well forgotten when ten years later, in 1885, a Basque sheep-herder, wondering what his dog was trying to dig up, found a buckskin package containing 100 gold doubloons, many fine watches and a large quantity of jewelry.

Eight Men Interested in the Treasure Died Violently Before Engineer Jones Tried to Find the Riches of Old Mexico Thought to Be Buried Near the Great Stadium --- Now His Suicide Seems to Bear Out the Historic "Curse of Cahuenga Pass."



Above, D. J. Bintliff, the Practical Business Man, Examining the Old Trunk in Which He Found the Treasure Map; and on the Left, Mr. Bintliff in a Recent Pose, Undismayed by Tales of Spooky Jinxes.

For some reason, the Basque shared a considerable portion of his find with an inkkeeper, Senor Etchepare, and started home with the rest around his waist in a secret money belt. As his ship was entering the port of Barcelona, he stood at the rail to wave at somebody, slipped and sank like stone. Had they known why he sank that way, more serious efforts might have been made to recover his valuable booty.

Neither he nor the inkkeeper had heard of Diego and supposed the one package to be all there was. Etchepare sold his inn and vanished from the record, to live or die violently, nobody knows.

In 1892, there is one more recorded hint and fatality. The stepson, Senor Correa, having grown to manhood and overcome his dread of Diego's angel, called on Major Horace Bell, pioneering citizen of Los Angeles, and a friend of Malcolm, last of the original burying party to be killed. The major, who later incorporated the treasure story in his book, "On The Old West Coast," was interested enough to go in with Correa, but when the young man took him to the spot, the ash tree, key to the treasure, was gone.

However, Bell, with the pioneer's resourceful mind thought of a plan to get around the difficulty. He proposed to rent the acreage surrounding the spot, ostensibly for farming purposes, then clear it and plow the area with a deep plow. It could then be subworked with smaller plows until every foot was uncovered to a sufficient depth to reveal the elusive treasure.

Bell set out to negotiate with the owners of the property but suddenly something happened quickly to change his mind—though he was not regarded as being superstitious.

Correa, on his walk home one evening after a conference with Major Bell, was set upon by an unknown assassin who stepped out of the shadows and shot him dead. The murderer was never caught nor a reasonable motive established.

The major decided to let well enough alone and as far as the record goes, the treasure has remained undisturbed until now, nearly a half a century later. But how much may have happened off the record may never be known. At least there has been one attempt by the mysterious Jose.

From the fact that the map and letter were treasured in that secretive manner, Jose and perhaps his partner may have also come to grief. Evidently he did not come back to buy those promised gifts for his Dolores or she would have struttled into the record.

That date of young Correa's shooting, the same year as Jose wrote the letter, is suggestive. Can he have been the assassin, or was he encouraged or hindered by the living or dead. He has obtained the right to excavate the almost-barren hillside around the bowl and unless the treasure lies under the great amphitheatre itself, he believes he has a good chance of finding the remaining five packages which should be worth between \$160,000 and \$200,000.

Naughty or Nice? the War Over England's Wartime Stage

What Should the Soldiers Have—Feast for the Eyes or Food for Thought? One Faction Shouts, "Fun, Frivolity and Fewer Clothes"—But the Other Cries "Outrageous! Let's Be Serious!"

A SOLDIER in the front line, running the risk of being blown to bits any minute by a bursting shell or riddled with machine-gun bullets, ought to keep his mind on the serious side of war, which is to kill or get killed.

If he doesn't, he won't be much good as a soldier, or anything else. But when he is home on leave, after doing his bit for a spell, or having his last short furlough before they ship him over for his baptism of fire, should his mind be occupied by solemn thoughts, such as duty and heroism and how glorious it is to die for one's country—or should he be encouraged to think of nothing but fun and frivolity, so he'll forget about what's liable to happen to him in the trenches?

This is no idle question—not in England, at any rate. On the contrary, it has split the British into two factions and provoked a curious kind of home-grown war over whether or not the country's wartime music halls, cabarets and other places of public entertainment should be naughty or nice.

One faction insists that the soldiers should be permitted to feast their eyes upon scantily clad loveliness, before their rendezvous with death; while the other says: "Outrageous! and scandalous! We're at war and we must be serious. Our brave boys must be given food for thought—that's the only way to prepare them to die courageously, in the good old English tradition."

The British Government has already taken its stand. It believes in giving the soldiers what they want, and there's no doubt about what that is. They want gaiety, and a lot of it.

But members of the Majesty's Loyal Opposition, egged on by reformers, have been standing right up in Parliament and asking the Government "questions," which in England is much more serious than writing letters to the newspapers. So far, the Government has side-stepped these grave parliamentary countermoves without stumbling into a crisis that might call for a vote of confidence.

And it is going right ahead with its policy of encouraging theatrical producers and night club proprietors to assemble and display the most attractive specimens of femininity available. Furthermore, the Government has been extraordinarily liberal in regard to censorship of dress and dialogue.

London and the rest of England are plunged into gloom by a "black-out" of the utmost severity. The streets present a dismal sight to the soldier on leave and he is filled with joy at the sight of beautiful girls on a well-lighted stage. During the first world war the authorities endeavored to provide proper and elevating amusement for the soldier. These were not appreciated.

So some deep thinking has been done by high officials. They realize that it is desirable to put the soldiers and also the public in a cheerful frame of mind. They have found that this can be done only by a liberal attitude toward shows in which pretty girls are the chief attraction.

France puts no restrictions—except of a military character—on the entertainment provided for the soldiers, and other continental countries follow a similar policy. In fact they hardly waste time considering such a thing as propriety. But England, and America, too, have always thought that they lived on a higher moral plane than other countries.

In the last war there was a tendency to provide soldiers and public with shows that were good for them. Soldiers were expected to enjoy performances by conjurers who produced rabbits and guinea pigs from somebody's hat, and everybody was supposed to like a good old-fashioned comedy.

Now the British Government thinks that France is right. What the British soldier likes best is a lot of beautiful "glamour girls" or "lovelies" with their figures well displayed and brilliantly lighted. Next to

LONDON, Feb. 22.



Above, Pat Kirkwood, Who Got Her Break When the Ban Was Lifted and Is Now Called "The First Wartime Star"; and on the Left, two other Favorites, Leigh Stafford and Louise Lloyd, Doing Their Most Popular Number.



How Much Clothes Should a Wartime Show-Girl Wear to Make British Tommies Brave and Fearless and Give Them Memories Worth Fighting for? A Liberal Faction Says Costumes on the Left Are the Ticket, but Reformers Insist for the Sedate Attire on the Right.

Soldiers Like to Laugh, Too, So Here's Vic Oliver, Doing His Burlesque of Handsome Adolph, in the Musical Show, "Black Velvet," at the London Hippodrome.



"Exclusive" Night Clubs Require Proper "Introduction" the First Time, but Hostesses Give Men in Uniform "Invitation Cards." So They Can Get in the Next Time Without Formality—Just Like Our Good Old Speakeasy Days. The Cards Show the Men Behaved Well on Their First Visit.

timed, in a somewhat wistful vein:

"If you're writing about us, don't make us out to be the scum of the earth. We're not so bad."

Many of the clubs are offering floor shows where the display is of the most liberal character. Concerning one of these a London newspaper says:

"The atmosphere is rather like that of a family party where the younger girls are in tearing spirits and occasionally do the spills or snitch a cigar from uncle's mouth."

The proceedings are enlivened by the presence of "bottle parties," a device by which the inconveniences of England's strict liquor laws are avoided. The guests either bring their own liquor and pay a "corkage charge" or they have it sent in from outside and stored until it is needed.

At some of the "exclusive" clubs where an "introduction" is needed to get in the first time, pretty hostesses go around passing out "invitation cards" to men in uniform, so they will be admitted the next time without being questioned.

A leading part in putting on shows that appeal to soldiers is being taken by George Black, who is now called "The Variety King" of Britain.

"I had a hunch that a show full of brightness and light would have a greater appeal than any other form of entertainment," said Mr. Black. "The average play is depressing. Going to them is just stepping from one black-out into another. But if pleasure-seekers could leave the murky darkness of the streets and step right into the foyer of a theatre aglow with thousands of lights and throbbing with life and laughter, then I thought they would be happy."

"It was, of course, impossible to keep the war entirely out of those shows. For the

absence of any variety production is typically, but we deliberately made all references to the war either funny or subtle—and then we wrapped them up in beauty or song."

Three shows that are greatly cheered up by the soldiers are "Black Velvet," at the Hippodrome, "The Little Dog Laughed," at the Palladium, and "Haw-Haw," at the Holborn Empire.

"Black Velvet" is called by its producer an intimate rag. It has all the atmosphere of a semi-private party. Twenty-nine beautiful peaches, all of them well peeped, put the "fix" into the show.

"Black Velvet" lives up to its name. Scene after scene reveals black velvet, shimmering and soft as a background for glamour in a hundred shades of color—white velvet on black, crimson velvet on black—and all the other combinations which the clinging intertwining of velvet can produce, enlivened by real live fleshpink.

It is largely a bevy of glittering, swirling, twirling girls trying in vain to hide themselves behind gauze veils. Although designed, written and produced within a fortnight, it has succeeded in collecting glamour girls by scores from many parts of the world.

Bounding about all through the show is the irrepressible Vic Oliver, the American comedian whose charming smile is always backed by subtlety and whose topical wisecracks do not even spare his distinguished father-in-law, Oliver married the daughter of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, the most powerful person in the Government next to the Prime Minister.

One of Vic's popular numbers is his burlesque of the Nazi Fuehrer, shown in one of the illustrations on this page.

The great hit of the show is 18-year-old Pat Kirkwood, who is now known as the "first wartime star." She is considerably helped by two popular American songs, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love."

Another great attraction is Norma Dawn, the aristocratic girl who went on the stage as a nearly nude dancer to keep the wolf from the door after nearly all the family fortune had been lost.

One of the daring features of the show is a skit on the British Ministry of Information which is supposed to distribute and censor news. Mr. Black presents this as "The Mystery of Information." Of course the writer had to keep a tight hold on his wit in this skit.

Another show called "Haw-Haw" features the American Babe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lynn, who are making a great hit. Ben is singing, a blonde does a strip-tease act behind his back, one garment falling off for every sentence he gets. Naturally he holds the record for encores.

Another popular feature is a reproduction of the old Parisian "can-can" performed by the Danzons ballet. Certainly these girls can "can-can" better than any of the famous Parisian performers, who were never remarkable for beauty or perfect figures. Still there was something about them that attracted.

The show entitled "Haw-Haw" takes its name from the German radio announcer who endeavors to make England ridiculous in broadcasts from Hamburg and Cologne, under the name "Lord Haw-Haw." The German announcer is really funny, both consciously and unconsciously, and the English caricature of

that he likes foolish funny songs and plenty of rowdy slapstick comedy and noise.

The Government has also decided on a policy of leniency towards the cabarets and night clubs of London. In wartime they exist largely for the entertainment of young officers on leave. There have been loud demands that the clubs should be strictly regulated and in many cases suppressed. They have been denounced as "dens where harpies and hussies prey on the morals and purses of young subalterns."

Mr. E. L. Fleming, Conservative Member of Parliament for Manchester, rose to ask the Government if it was going to suppress these resorts.

"I am worried about wicked women," said Mr. Fleming. "Britain's young fighting men should be fit, not unfit."

Sir John Anderson, the Home Secretary, a stern-faced Scotchman, listened to this com-

plaint and was expected to be hard on night clubs. But he decided that he would not suppress them unless they were a cloak for criminality. If they merely provided young officers with a place where they could meet attractive young women and enjoy a dance and a drink, he would not interfere with them. Indeed, they might be an agency for good. "Harpies" may help to win the war.

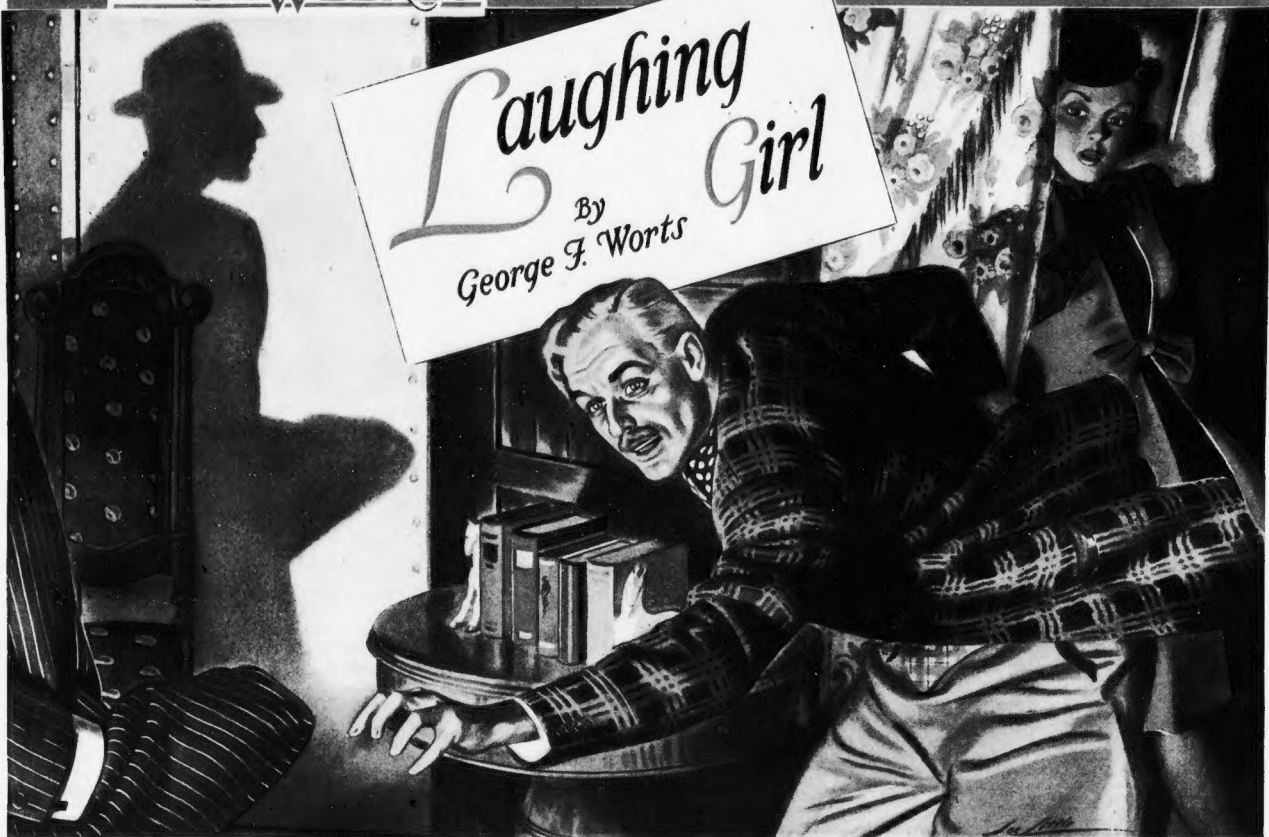
But if the hostesses give a man "knockout drops" and relieve him of all his money, that is a different thing. To guard against this, Scotland Yard men make occasional "raids" on the clubs. They take a note of the names of those present, but if they find nothing seriously wrong no action is taken against the club.

When the reformers attacked the night resorts, newspaper men went out to interview a few of the principal London hostesses.

At the Cabaret Club they found one handsome, healthy and cultured young woman, who explained that her principal work consisted in "soothing bruised egos." She con-

Laughing Girl

By
George F. Worts



YOU'RE not so smart. My brother, Brook, is not in love with you. He's in love with Carol Dunbar. That's what the gaudy Lynne Van Pell hung at glamorous Sandra Page, infatuated with Brook Van Pell, after drinking a drugged highball she had intended for Sandra.

Lynne, New York Socialite, had just plumed Peter Storm, with whom she was really in love, but who had suddenly married Sandra, to come to her home to get a watch containing a formula that Brook Van Pell, famous New York lawyer, his agent, Scott Higgins, and Peter, forceful young millionaire, had been frantically seeking.

The formula was for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum and worth millions for war and industrial uses. Sandra, sent to Las Vegas, Nevada, by Van Pell to watch Higgins whom he mistrusted, had learned on her arrival that an explosion had wrecked the laboratory of Hilary Logan, who held the formula, and killed him, and that Peter had been with him shortly before. Assuming he had stolen the formula she threatened him with a gun. Then, convinced she was wrong, she offered to work with him. He had caught her in a lie and knew she'd double cross him, but she attracted and fascinated him and he agreed. Motoring her to the explosion scene they saw Simon Ketzler, Logan's assistant, fleeing in a car followed by Higgins.

Pursuing them, Peter was held up for speeding and begged Sandra to help him. She refused. The judge who faced them, calling Peter a rich playboy, decided to prefer charges against him under the Mann Act and to hold Sandra, too. She protested wildly that this would crush her father, a minister. "Denouncing Peter, but anxious to escape a blighting publicity, she joined with Peter in persuading the judge to marry them."

Continuing their pursuit they found Ketzler dead, his clothing searched and a watch missing from a chain Peter recognized as Logan's. From the shadows, Higgins shot at and slightly wounded Peter and escaped. Confident Higgins had killed Ketzler and stolen the watch, and that the watch contained the formula, Peter deserted Sandra a little later and started after Higgins. But the wily agent eluded him by chartering a plane for New York. Baffled, Peter hurried after him, notifying two of his New York legmen to trail Van Pell and also Sandra, who had flown East.

Arriving in New York, Peter learned that Van Pell, secretly scheming to sell the formula to the highest foreign bidder, had tracked Higgins, who was planning to deliver it to Count Beretti of Italy. Van Pell, assuring Sandra of his love, vowed he wanted the process for this country but was suspicious of Peter and urged her to spy on him to help him get it. Peter, trailing Beretti, lost him, but not long after, saw him being carried, badly hurt, to an ambulance from a brown-stone house. Rushing in, he found Higgins murdered in a room there.

About to abandon his search, Peter was

amazed to get a call from Van Pell asking to see him. He agreed, and then Lynne phoned him she had gotten the watch from Higgins at the point of a gun and he could have it provided he divorced Sandra. He promised to be at her house in an hour, but was delayed by a Mr. Benton from the N. Y. Sheriff's office. Meanwhile Sandra, having overheard the phone conversation, hurried to Lynne's house to secure the fabulously valuable watch.

Lynne greeted her coldly and offered her a highball, first doctoring one of the drinks. Sandra adroitly switched the glasses and Lynne, feeling herself slipping into unconsciousness, tried to get out. It was then she told Sandra that Van Pell was in love with Carol. She fell into a stupor and Sandra, trembling, locked the door, hoping to find the watch before Peter arrived after his interviews with Benton and Van Pell.

And Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. BENTON, of the New York Sheriff's office, was standing before the cabinet looking at Peter's collection of miniature horses when Peter went into the living-room.

Peter's caller was a large, calm-looking man in a blue serge suit. He wore gold-rimmed glasses.

He said pleasantly: "I hate to bother you, Mr. Storm, but we've just received a request from Kingman, Arizona, asking us to check up with you on some things that happened out there on your recent trip."

Mr. Benton took out a sheet of flimsy paper through which Peter could see notations. The man from the sheriff's office studied the paper for a moment, then said, "It seems there was a certain blue sedan that was missing or unaccounted for when you started East." Mr. Benton looked up.

"Yes," Peter said.

"Sheriff Johnson of Kingman says it was found abandoned at the Needles, California, Santa Fe railroad station, and that it is registered in the name of Dr. Hilary Logan."

"Amazing," Peter murmured.

Mr. Benton looked at Peter over the tops of his glasses. "One of the things Sheriff Johnson wants to know is: why did you say you did not recognize this man who shot you in the head, when it is now definitely known that you went on to Needles and talked to the ticket agent and accurately described a man who must have been the man who shot you?"

"Because," Peter answered, "I did not recognize the man who shot me. I saw only a dim figure. I did not see him clearly."

"But why," Mr. Benton gently persisted, "did you tell the sheriff you had not gone to Needles but had parked beside the road just east of Topock, and had turned back to Kingman when a sandstorm came up?"

"Let's have the rest of them," Peter said.

"Very well, Mr. Storm. The man you de-

scribed to the ticket agent at Needles is a man named Professor John Medkin. This man vanished from Logan's ranch on the night Ketzler was killed. Why did you deny, when Sheriff Johnson questioned you, that you had seen this Professor Medkin after you had left the ranch?"

"It says here that you denied all knowledge of him. Yet you described him perfectly to the Needles ticket agent. You described him as a tall, big, blond man with a mustache, and a slight English accent, and you said he was wearing a pale-gray shirt and white trousers and white canvas oxfords. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Peter said. He was trying to think of a way around this, yet there was, he realized, no way around it. And that wasn't the worst of it.

"That description," Mr. Benton went on with gentle relentlessness, "tallies perfectly with the description Sheriff Johnson secured of Professor Medkin at Logan's ranch. Why, then, when Sheriff Johnson questioned you, did you deny all knowledge of Professor Medkin, and why did you say you and Mrs. Storm did not go to Needles?"

"Mr. Benton," Peter said, "nothing is to be gained by lying. I'll tell you just what happened. This man Professor Medkin killed, this Simon Ketzler, was a cold-blooded murderer who deliberately blew up that laboratory and murdered Dr. Logan. Professor Medkin was an old friend of Dr. Logan's. He followed Simon Ketzler and killed him, justifiably, I think, for his cold-blooded killing of Dr. Logan."

"Mr. Benton was gazing at Peter thoughtfully. "Why didn't you tell this to Sheriff Johnson?"

"Because I was entirely in sympathy with what Professor Medkin did. Simon Ketzler deserved to be shot down. Furthermore," Peter said, "I knew that, even if Professor Medkin had been apprehended, he would never be brought to trial. No Arizona jury would convict a man who had tracked down and killed a cold-blooded murderer."

Mr. Benton was shaking his head. "I don't believe Sheriff Johnson will be satisfied with that explanation. I think he'll say you had no right to take the law into your own hands. Actually, you were aiding and abetting a murderer, by letting him escape, by failing to notify the police immediately, and especially by denying you knew where he was when Sheriff Johnson questioned you. Where is this man now?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Benton folded up the flimsy and returned it to his pocket. "I'll make a report

immediately to Sheriff Johnston, but," he said gravely, "I'm sure he will only confirm what I've said. You may face some very serious charges, Mr. Storm."

Peter saw him to the door. The situation was, he realized, even more serious than Mr. Benton had portrayed it. Modern police arms were marvelously co-ordinated. And Scott Higgins had been a man of very distinctive appearance. Peter's presence at the Fifty-eighth Street apartment immediately after Scott Higgins' murder would certainly be linked, in alert police minds, with his recent activities in Nevada and Arizona.

It was not at all unlikely that he would be arrested on the charge that he had murdered Scott Higgins.

The simplest solution, he realized, was to carry out the idea he had had on his walk home—to notify the F.B.I. to tell them every scrap of the truth. He had hesitated before because of the inevitable repercussions. It might be impossible to prove that Brook Van Pell had killed Scott Higgins. And perhaps he hadn't.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence indicated it, but circumstantial evidence was often an arrow pointing down the wrong road. Who had been in the cab that had followed Count Beretti's cab from the pier? That whole carefully-organized and successful attempt at preventing Peter from following the Italian might not have been Brook Van Pell's.

The situation, Peter realized, was now completely out of his control. His wisest move would be to communicate at once either with the New York police or the F.B.I. Yet he hesitated.

One thing he must do was to warn Sandra that he suspected Van Pell of having killed Scott Higgins. She would not believe him, but it would prepare her. Peter believed that Van Pell was not in love with her, but had all along deliberately used her because she was clever and because she was infatuated with him. If it were true that Van Pell had killed Higgins, then her position was suddenly dangerous. She already knew too much.

Peter went to her room. The door was open and the room was dark. Henry said that Mrs. Storm had gone out.

As he left the apartment to keep his appointment with Brook Van Pell at the Stirrup Cup, Peter decided not to notify the F.B.I. until he had heard what that cool and clever individual wanted to see him.

Every attempt had been made by the proprietors of the Stirrup Cup to reproduce the atmosphere of an old English hunting lodge. The rafters and walls had a smoked look. There was a blackened large fireplace. There were trophies and hunting prints about the walls and old announcements of hunts and steepchases.

There was a hatcheck girl and there were telephone booths in the lobby. Peter gave up his hat and raincoat, then pushed open the

fumed oak door into the main room.

Brook Van Pell was sitting at the far end of the bar, watching the door. Peter's throat was dry and his nerves were tensed. He did not know Brook Van Pell very well. He had seen him once or twice at the house when he had called for Lynne to take her to some party or the theatre, and he had encountered him casually some club or other. Van Pell was some six or seven years older than Peter, and they moved in different circles.

As Peter walked down the long, dusky room he had an impression of cool, clear gray eyes in a dark, lean, youthful face. Suddenly smiling, Brook Van Pell looked younger than thirty-six. He looked suave, clever, very capable. He was perhaps two inches taller than Peter, and with his wide shoulders and his trimness and his lean brown face, he had the look of a man in excellent physical condition; a man who, in a fight, would be fast and sure and dangerous. His hard smile was dangerous, and it did not go with his soft gray eyes or the whimsical twirl of his eyebrows.

The two men shook hands briefly, smiling while they did it, and Van Pell said: "Shall we sit at a table?"

"All right," Peter said indifferently.

A waiter followed them over. Van Pell said, as they seated themselves: "I know you're a very busy man. Shall we get straight to the point?"

"Yes," Peter said pleasantly. He was thinking, at that moment, less about Van Pell's reason for wanting to meet him here than of Sandra's infatuation with this man. It wasn't hard to understand. Brook Van Pell, with his height, his good looks, his dangerous and yet whimsical air was a man whom, Peter suspected, very few women would not be attracted to. He had the charm of civilized virility.

"What will you drink?"

"Scotch," Peter said.

"Scot or water?"

"Water."

"Waiter, bring two Scotch and waters."

It was probably typical of him, Peter thought, to flatter the man he was with by ordering the same drink, whether he preferred it or not.

"When the waiter had gone, Van Pell said: 'All right, let's get straight to the point. We'll admit, I think, without quibbling, that you're a pair of fairly clever men. The only trouble is, we're on opposite sides of the fence. My feeling is that the time has come to call a truce.'

He hesitated. Peter grinned. "Go ahead."

"The certain thing we're both after," Van Pell went on in his deep voice, "is really worth so much money that there is no reason that I can see why we shouldn't combine forces."

He paused again, and Peter said, "I see."

"Certainly," Van Pell said. "It's foolish for

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

two men as smart as we are to be at cross-purposes. "Don't you think so?"

"I do definitely," Peter said. The gray, cool eyes were searching his. He wanted to say the rest of what was on his mind, and Peter didn't care whether he said it or not.

"If we should pool all we know—" Van Pell began tentatively. It aroused Peter. In his hotel bedroom, in Las Vegas, Sandra had said substantially the same thing.

The waiter brought their drinks. Peter promptly drank his, because his nervous system needed it, and his mouth and throat were dry. Also, he was so relieved that he felt he should celebrate to that extent. For it was obvious, whether or not this man had killed Scott Higgins, that he did not have the watch containing the loganite formula.

Peter realized that Lynne must have been telling the truth: that she had gone to Scott Higgins' apartment and had held him up, just as she said, and got the watch, before her brother arrived.

Peter put his empty glass down. "All right," he said briefly. "Let's put all our cards on the table. If you'll wait here a moment, there's something in my raincoat pocket that I want to show you."

Van Pell smiled and said, "That's fine. I hoped there might be."

Peter left the table. He went into the lobby. He secured his hat and raincoat, tipped the waitress and went out.

There was an empty taxicab in the parking stand. Peter got into it and gave the driver the address of the Van Pell house.

CHAPTER XXI

HAVING exhausted all of the obvious and the less obvious hiding places for a watch in Lynne's bedroom, Sandra had gone into the adjoining dressing-room. On a table there were a bottle of Scotch, a vacuum gallon jug of ice cubes and an ice box carafe of water. And on this table, beside the water carafe, were the two cobalt-blue parts of a capsule.

There was still a little white powder clinging to the wall of one of the capsule halves. It must, Sandra reflected, be swift and deadly stuff—something that Lynne had doubtless acquired from one of the more dangerous of the young men she was reputed to go around with. Lynne had been, Sandra guessed, afraid of her, and had decided to dope her drink, so that she would be unconscious when Peter arrived and could decide what was to be done about her.

Sandra searched the dressing-room thoroughly. Then she searched the closets and the bathroom. She had, she was sure, exhausted every possible hiding place.

She returned to the dressing-table and methodically went through the drawers again. Then she removed the paper linings. Back of the lining of the first drawer she had searched she found a Grand Central baggage check.

Sandra considered it for a moment, then thought: "Of course! Lynne's clever. And she's devious."

She returned to the bedroom. Lynne was still asleep. Her face was pale and she was breathing deeply and regularly. Sandra picked up her purse, folded the baggage check and placed it in her change purse, unlocked the door and went out. She tiptoed to the stairs and started down them. Peter Storm, she was sure, would arrive at any moment. He would take the elevator, and she definitely did not want to encounter him. He would certainly be suspicious. He might even insist on searching her.

Reaching the ground floor, she started toward the door. Colton suddenly and silently appeared just ahead of her. She hesitated, but he hadn't seen her. He went on to the front door. Sandra slipped into the small drawing-room, which was in darkness. She heard the front door open, then Peter Storm's deep, rather harsh voice.

She did not hear what he said, but she distinctly heard what the butler said. He said: "Yes, sir. Will you go right up, Mr. Storm? Mrs. Storm is up there with her."

Peter said sharply: "When did she come?"

He sounded agitated.

"It must have been fully an hour ago, Mr. Storm."

The two men passed the doorway of the small drawing-room on their way to the elevator. Peter was walking rapidly, almost running.

Sandra smiled in the darkness and waited until she heard the elevator door close, then she walked out into the gloomy hall.

Colton turned about from the closed elevator door. He said, with surprise: "Mrs. Storm, I didn't know you were here. Your husband just went up."

"It's quite all right," Sandra said brightly. "I've an errand to run for Miss Van Pell."

She walked to Madison, signalled a cruising taxi and was taken to the Grand Central Station. There, at the baggage room at the north end of the rotunda, she accepted a small, worn, brown leather suitcase in exchange for the baggage check.

She carried it up the stairs and out to a taxicab. She said to the driver: "Drive very slowly down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square. And I'll want this dome-light."

She searched the suitcase as the cab went slowly south on Fifth Avenue. The watch was not in it. The suitcase contained nothing but a pair of worn green slippers, wads of newspaper and an empty gin bottle.

The cab was crossing Thirty-third Street before Sandra, growing somewhat desperate, had exhausted the possibilities of all the wads of newspaper. It was crossing Eighteenth Street when Sandra had an inspiration. She was thinking of the thoroughness with which Scott Higgins had ripped apart Simon Ketzler's two pieces of luggage.

She began to rip out the lining of the suitcase. She came presently to a place that had been recently padded down. Under the lining at that place was a slip of paper.

It was a pawnbroker's receipt for a

pawned article. The address of the pawnshop was printed across the top.

Sandra gave the driver the address. She knew nothing about pawnshops, but she assumed that this might be open all night because, if this redemption slip concerned Hilary Logan's watch, Lynne must have taken it there shortly before, or even shortly after, she had telephoned Peter Storm.

And it was, as she had assumed, an all-night pawnshop. Sandra went in and presented the pawn ticket. The amount was five dollars. Sandra gave a bored young man the redemption slip and a ten-dollar bill.

SHE thought excitedly: "This is terrific. If it's the watch—think of my casually buying it. A watch worth millions of dollars, for five dollars and a few cents!"

The young man gave her change and a man's platinum watch. Sandra turned it over. The initials H. L. were engraved in shaded block letters on the back.

She put the watch in her purse. She was so excited she could hardly breathe. Her heart was beating in a frantic sort of rhythm and now and then skipping a beat. She suddenly felt faint and giddy and feverish.

She wondered if anyone had followed her. For she had suddenly realized that everyone who had possessed this watch, with the single exception of Lynne, had been murdered.

She was trembling as she got into the cab

and gave the driver the address of Peter's apartment. He wouldn't be there, he couldn't possibly be there, for at least an hour.

She gave the amazed driver a ten-dollar bill and told him the rest was his. She went to Peter's apartment and went into her room and locked both doors. Then she opened the back of the watch with the end of a nail file.

The inner surface of the inner lid was covered with the finest engraving—lines and lines of tiny letters too small to be read without a powerful glass. And there were microscopic diagrams, too.

She thought: "This is the most dramatic thing that will ever happen to me in my whole life. Here, in my hand, I hold the destiny of nations. Actually, I do! And if loganite is as good as all these wild, murderous men seem to think it is, I might even be holding the destiny of the world in my hand."

Gazing at it soberly, she shivered. A picture came into her mind: moonlight playing pranks with the Joshua tree that grew almost to the main entrance of Three Tree Ranch, an old man skulking to a maroon coupe and quietly driving off.

Simon Ketzler had discovered where Dr. Logan kept his secret, and had unhesitatingly murdered him by blowing up the laboratory. She thought of that wild drive through the night with Peter Storm, of their finding Ketzler dead, and of her shocked surprise when she had heard the lone report of the pistol that had almost killed Peter Storm.

And now Scott Higgins, after that clever

Peter, Alarmed at Finding Lynne in a Stupor, Called, "Wake Up," as He Held a Glass of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia to Her Lips.



Lynne sat down on the bed and looked up at him. She tried to smile, but the result was a very grimace, as if her mouth had a bitter taste.

"What happened, Lynne?"

The girl said dully: "Sandra came up here and I was suspicious of her. I was scared of her. I had some knock-out powders and I put one in a drink for her. But she switched the drinks and I got it."

"Where's that watch?"

"She has it by this time. I was afraid to keep it. I pawned it, then I put the pawn ticket in the lining of a suitcase and checked it at Grand Central, then I hid the baggage check behind the lining of a drawer in my dressing table. I just looked. It's gone." Her eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry."

Peter said: "You needn't be. I'm sorry I was so long getting here. What's the name of that pawnshop?"

Lynne told him, and he picked up the telephone. He called the pawnshop and made inquiries. Presently he put the telephone back and said, "That's that. A young lady has redeemed the watch. Where's Brook?" She'll go straight to him."

"I'll call Colton," Lynne said. But Colton, appearing promptly, did not know where Mr. Van Pell was. He was not at home.

Peter called his own apartment. "Henry," he said, "is Mrs. Storm there?"

Henry said: "No, Mr. Storm. She hasn't come in yet."

Peter put down the telephone and Lynne sighed. "You didn't think I was telling the truth. You're a fool, Sandra knew. She's too smart for you, darling. I was going to give you that watch in return for your promise that you'd kick her out tonight."

Lynne got up from the bed. She pressed the fingers of each hand against the temple of each of her eyes. Sandra said: "I feel terribly dopey." She went to the table for a cigarette. She lighted it, placed her back to the table and smiled wanly.

"I'm still going to make you do it. She says she doesn't love you, but I don't trust her and I don't trust the two of you together. You're a fool to let her stay there. She'll keep you on double crossing you. She keeps saying she's afraid of a scandal. Well, what

about entering New York unseen, was dead.

Who had killed him? Lynne?

She returned the watch to her purse, looked up the telephone number of the Sturup Cup, and dialed it. She intended to say to Brook, if he were still there: "Darling, I have the most interesting piece of jewelry to show you."

But the man who answered said that Mr. Van Pell had left some time before. Trying to visualize where he might have gone, she tried other places. She tried all the places she could think of, but Brook Van Pell was at none of them.

A jittery feeling was coming over her. She had gone to all this trouble to get this watch for Brook, because she loved him. She did not want to have it in her possession any longer than was necessary. And she could think of no safe place to hide it.

The feeling that she was hunted, that everywhere she turned there would be crafty, greedy eyes and the ruthlessness of men, suddenly chilled her.

CHAPTER XXII

PETER knocked at the door of Lynne's room and when she did not answer, opened the door a crack and called, "Lynne!" Then he pushed open the door and started into the room.

When he saw her on the bed, apparently asleep, he was alarmed. He knew, because Colton had told him so, that Sandra was here,

or had been here. She could have left only in the past few minutes.

He called: "Lynne! Lynne!"

But she did not open her eyes.

Peter went to the bed and said sternly, "Lynne! Wake up!"

His first guess was that she had been drinking; had passed out.

She was relaxed, in a heavy, snoring sleep. He lifted her eyelids. The pupils were tightly contracted—brilliant black points. He went into her bathroom, found a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, spilled about a teaspoonful into a half glass of water, returned to Lynne and set the drink down.

He propped her up on the pillows and slapped her face. This did not arouse her. With his thumbs he pressed hard against the two small depressions in the bone above the eyes. When this didn't arouse her, he slapped her face methodically until her eyelids fluttered.

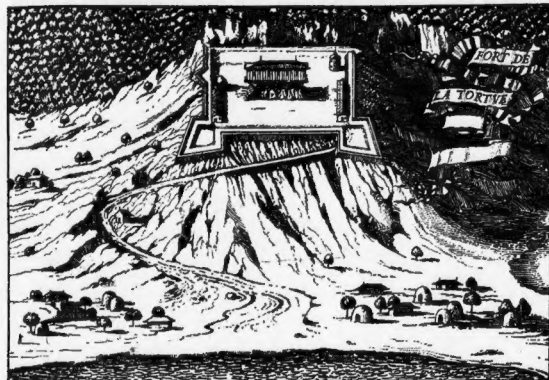
Her eyes opened and closed. He slapped her again. Her eyes opened and remained open. She stared at him, but she was so stupefied by whatever drug Sandra had given her that she did not know who he was.

He made her drink the aromatic spirits of ammonia, then pulled her to her feet and said, "Go in there and take a cold shower. Stay under it until you're awake."

She said dully, "All right." And staggered into her bathroom. He heard the sound of the shower. It ran such a long time that he grew uneasy, then it stopped. Presently Lynne came out, folding the pale green dressing gown about her coral-satin pajamas. Her face was flushed and her eyes were clearer, but her mouth sagged. She looked sullen and sleepy.



On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates



Very Old Map of Tortoise Island, Also Called Tortue and Tortuga, the Pirate Lair, Showing the Fort Built by the French and, at the Bottom Right, the Native Village Which Later Became a Roaring, Bloodstained and Thoroughly Evil Town.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the seventh of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little-known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures. They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on the subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glorious loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger. Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins rife of stuff untold.
And they lay there

That had took the plum,
With sightless glare
And their lips struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

From the Old Pirate Song of
"Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest."

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the period when the Grand Account was the most important industry of unscrupulous seamen, the Caribbean was the field of their most blood-curdling activities. There were dozens of strongholds, nests of unpeckable vice and violence, where the freebooters rested, sold or bartered their plunder, and held high revel.

Those innumerable groups of islands, cays and sandbanks known as the West Indies, were, by their localities and formation, admirably suited for the purposes of the miscreants. Many were composed of coral rocks on which nodded a few palms, others were flat sand cays barely visible over a few miles distance.

But the chief advantage of most of the islands was the number of caves with which the rocks were pitted; some above high water and others isolated when the tide was out, but at high water carrying sufficient depth to float a ship.

Thus many of the dry caves were used for treasure caches, and in many cases, since the temporary owners of the plunder were killed before they could remove their booty, the treasure remains to be found hundreds of years later by some curious traveler or professional treasure hunter like myself.

The Bahamas, now a peaceful tourist resort, was once a hotbed of pirates. In Cuba, many of the most notorious of these sea rovers maintained their camps. Curacao was the headquarters of many Dutch freebooters; Tortuga Island, or, as it was called by the French, La Tortue, became the stamping ground of the buccanniers driven out of Hispaniola.

Perhaps the most famous of all pirate strongholds was Port Royal, once the most thriving town in the West Indies, now mostly submerged ruins, shattered by a terrible earthquake in 1692 that sent over 5000 pirates and their women to death beneath the limpid waters of what is now Kingston Harbor.

In the early seventeenth century a long spit of land guarded Spanish Town and its bay from the ocean. At its extremity was a small collection of huts that gradually became the largest and richest city in the West Indies.

The seven miles long peninsula was called the Palisadoes, since the trees lining it appeared from the sea to be a jagged stockade guarding the best harbor in the Caribbean, and even now one of the best harbors in the world.

In those days Spanish Town was the capital of Jamaica, and merchants, wallowing timorously across the ocean, slid gratefully under the guns of Port Royal, thankful indeed to reach

anchorage without tragedy. At times, forty and fifty sails rested in the harbor, their captains swaggering about Spanish Town and the forts waiting for King's ships to convoy them out of danger. To Spanish Town then, came pirates and freebooters to take the Act of Grace, repeat their ways and await letters of marque to go a-privateering against their brothers of the Coast.

Port Royal was their headquarters. From Gallows Point, a mangrove-covered promontory, their lookouts could mark the arrival of ships and the positions of men-of-war. Into harbor came pirate craft posing as privateers to dispose of their booty, then meekly take the Act, be pardoned, and hasten to Port Royal to live on the fat of the land until they found another ship.

No wonder then that Port Royal swiftly grew from a huddle of squalid huts to a thriving town with streets, fine houses, a cathedral that was the finest and richest in the West, and, to quote a writer of the time:

"All gentlemen's coaches (which are there very numerous) go with six horses apiece; we have also several hackney coaches. The manner of living there for gallantry, good housekeeping and recreations (as horse-races, bowls, dancing, musick, plays at a publick theatre, etc.) sufficiently demonstrate the flourishing condition of the island."

Spaniards had been in Jamaica since 1494, when the caravels of Columbus anchored there. Troops following settlers virtually extinguished the native Arawaks. They built the capital, St. Jago de la Vega (Spanish Town) about thirteen miles from where Kingston now stands. The island was raided twice by Sir Anthony Shirley and in 1635 Colonel Jackson plundered the capital. In 1655 the British under Penn and Venables took the island with little trouble. The hills outside St. Jago de la Vega became the haunts of runaway Spanish slaves who were the forerunners of the Maroons, who harried the settlers in much the same way that Indians preyed upon the frontiersmen of the United States.

Cromwell offered land to colonists and the island quickly became overrun with rowdies, indentured servants and the spawn of English jails. The island was finally ceded to England in 1670, and before long was the market for slaves, indigo, spices, ginger, rum, molasses, sugar and dyewood.

Small wonder then that the harbor was crowded with merchant shipping and that the lookouts on Port Royal carried stories of great ships laden with treasure, badly armed and well worth the plundering. Swagging buccanniers strolled the narrow streets, their tanned ears stretched with heavy gold rings, silk stockings laddered with runs covered their hairy legs and brawny wrists stuck out of lace ruffled sleeves of scarlet and purple and blue broadcloth.

They gambled with the heavy coins—moidores, pieces-of-eight, sequins—and the goldsmiths of Port Royal and Spanish Town thrived mightily in making plate of the soft, red metal.

It was in the piping times of Port Royal that Morgan, afterwards Sir Henry Morgan, made it his headquarters while he plundered the Spanish Main as privateer and pirate, his most famous exploit being the sack of Porto Bello, the spoils of



LOLONOIS cuts out the Heart of a SPANISH Prisoner & eats it.

An Old Print of a Legendary Incident in This Ruthless Pirate's Career.

which enriched the godowns behind the Palisadoes. He eventually ended his career as the highly respected Governor of Jamaica in 1688. According to Captain Lawrence Wright, commander of H. M. S. Assistance:

"Saturday, August 23, 1688. This day about eleven hours noon Sir Henry Morgan died, & the 26th was brought over from Passage-Port to the King's house at Port Royal, from thence to the Church, & after a sermon was carried to the Palisadoes & there buried. All the forts fired an equal number of guns, we fired two & twenty & after we and the Drake had fired, all the merchantmen fired."

Dampier made his first buccaneering adventure out of Port Royal. Rackham later hunted its taverns; Blackbeard roistered and swaggered up and down its rows of grogshops, scattering gold pieces for the wenches to fight over, his beard braided into innumerable pigtails and his six pistols swinging and clanking as he walked.

Captain Lewis put in there to prepare for that luckless voyage when he pledged a lock of hair to the Devil—"the rest of him to follow." Banister was hanged from the yardarm of a man-of-war in sight of his roistering mates on the waterfront. It was a Port Royal sloop captured the unlucky Captain Skinner, who was pelted to death with bottles by a former bosun turned pirate.

To Port Royal the pirates brought their women captives: delicately reared Spanish ladies beside buxom mulattoes, haughty English women and spitting Orientals. To these were added indentured servants purchased from their owners by pirate proclamation.

One of the most notorious women of the period was that "plump and succulent girl" Mary Carleton, known as "the German Princess." She was born in London in 1639 and when in 1663 she married John Carleton she was arrested for bigamy, having three husbands alive. History recording this event states that so great was her following that the court acquitted her "by public proclamation."

She became an actress, gaining much acclaim in a play that was written for her, "The German Princess." But in 1671 she was convicted of theft and transported to Jamaica. During her two year sentence she wrote "News from Jamaica in a letter from Port Royal to her fellow collegiates and friends in Newgate Prison."

Arriving at the Island, Mary lost no time in

sizing up the situation there. Port Royal was a large and thriving town and the harbor crowded with shipping; French prizes, Spanish Indianes being unloaded and their cargoes being ferried ashore by brawny naked slaves to the godowns and warehouses. She eyed a few of the six-horse carriages bowling along the parade and decided that the easy come gold would be even easier to get.

John Welch, blue coat with gold braid, stretched across his mighty silk shirted chest, watching boats crawl across the harbor. A gold hilted sword cocked up the tail of his coat a purple silk stockings covered his slightly bow legs. Red leather riding boots completed his landish costume and rings jingled in his ears he turned to examine the lush, blonde girl who eyed him so provocatively.

"How now, lass," he hailed. "Come to how the bully boys make their living?"

She turned her pretty nose in the air but a bright eye twinkled.

"La, sir, that's no way to speak to a lady quality."

"Quality, eh?" he roared. "What quality comes in a convict ship?"

"Jealousy and slanderous tongues can bring misfortune to the highest," she sighed. "If I'd been a champion, strong and brave, to protect my you'd never see me in this evil case."

"Well, my lass, you've a champion now." He twitched his mustache and hiked the heavy pants in his belt.

It was a short time until they were sitting. Tom Benn's Great House. It was cool there; his mulatto girls ran about carrying drinks to roared "privateersmen" (it was considered bad form to call a man "pirate" in Port Royal) and cold-eyed merchants waiting to talk business. Bent little up stood humbly near the door offering to exchange Spanish dollars for clipped gold pirate coin.

"Jewels, jewels that the pirates counted as nothing since they did not know their values."

"Ho, a bowl o' Killdevil," roared Wale

"What'll ye have, lass?"

Morgan at Porto Bello an Immense Fort. Panama Being His Main Base. Before the Destruction Originally Published

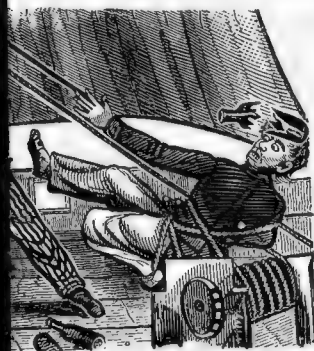


The Pirates pelting

Another



Howard Pyle, Henry Morgan Amused
from His Piracies, His Historic Sack of
Jamaica, His Exploit, Later Pardoned, He Was
a British West India, Some Years
by Port Royal, Wicked Port Royal.
Harpers Magazine, December, 1888.



Captain Skinner with Glass Bottles.
Old Woodcut of Piratical Days.

"What's Killedevil?" she lisped. "What an out-
landish name. I never drink ought but Madeira,
save perhaps a glass of the best brandy for my
stomach."

"Killedevil, lass? 'Tis rum punch. Made wi'
limes and best Barbadoes white sugar and plenty
o' good, red rum."

"Oh," her eyes were round. "'Tis too strong
for you."

"Too strong? Why I can swallow a gallon and
feel none the worse."

"Could you, really?"

Welch ordered four bowls of the liquid and
while Mistress Carleton sipped a careful glass of
Madeira the pirate devoured his gallon gasping
and coughing while she admired him in the most
gratifying fashion.

Next day the German Princess rode in her
carriage and six, a slave beside her.
Gone were the onanbug dress and coarse shoes.
Now she wore a great beribboned dress of
white satin with blue bows and pearl decorations.
Her pretty face was shielded beneath a wide hat
of whitest leghorn straw and a shapely silk stocking
showed beneath her flounces. Five patches, the
latest craze from Europe, decorated her cheeks.
On her marble forehead was a ship in full sail.
One cheek bore a crescent and a triangle drawing
attention to the brightness of her eye. On the
curve of her chin a small circle was placed just
below a fascinating dimple.

Even the pirates dragged off their battered
hats as this great lady passed. Fellow convicts
who had come out with her, sulked over to their
masters' plantations, little thinking this girl was
the merry lass, their companion in the prisoners'
quarters on the way from England to the West
Indies.

Welch scratched his head when he came out of
his drunken stupor. But the sight of the Princess

as she insisted on being called made up for the tre-
mendous hole she had so rapidly made in his booty.

"You'd like to have me look nicely, my sweet,
wouldn't you?" she whispered. "You want me to
have the things I was used to before evil tongues
brought me unhappiness? Besides, you can easily
get more money from your—your prizes."

"Aye that I can, lass. But seems as though
I'll have to take a great number."

"My brave John can take as many as he
wants."

But the Princess wouldn't sail with John. He
went off harrying ships in the Windward Passage
while his girl played the great lady in a fine house
he bought her on Queen Street. Beyond the Palisades
she owned cane fields and the slaves to
work them.

Welch stopped frequenting the taverns along
the Parade. He rode beside the Princess and
lorded it over his mates, ignoring their salutes,
until one day his ship returned and a black-browed
ruffian swaggered into Mary Carleton's house with
the news that Welch had been killed in a brawl in
Cuba.

Mary lost little time in finding another pro-
tector who also added to her cane lands and house
and brought another fine cabriolet with bright
leather springs and silver hubs. She looked above
pirates now. Even Captain Morgan who, some
said, would soon become Governor of Jamaica, was
beneath her supercilious gaze.

She found a planter, one James Scarlett, who
owed a mighty fortune to the activities of several
ships he underwrote. Scarlett had a wife and two
daughters, but that didn't stop Mary. Gradually
Scarlett lost interest in his fine house beyond the
Palisades and spent most of his time in the
brightly lighted home of his new love.

But he was not alone. At night great revels
took place there, where groups of girls, young and
lissome, danced for a large audience who paid
heavily for the entertainment, the Princess smiling
brightly through it all. The rooms were decorated
with silks from French palaces. Carpets that had
graced Spanish churches in Carthage covered the
wide stairs. Sometimes, Scarlett, waiting un-
happily for the revels to end, would receive his

dismissal from a grin-
ning mulatto girl and
would creep home, his
miserable ears burning.

He would plead with
her desperately, selling
land and slaves to meet
her extravagances until
at last, penniless and
driven from her door
he committed suicide.

The Quakers who
lived on the outskirts of
Port Royal called on
her asking her to give
up her mode of life, but
she laughed at them.
too. Sermons were
preached against her in the great cathedral to
which Captain Morgan, recently become a respect-
able person, had given his great ale stein of silver
for a communion flagon.

I think the good padre often wondered why
there was a whistle in its silver handle. Morgan
never told him that that was to call the pot-boy!

The revels at Mary's house grew more and
more riotous. Pirates, merchants, money changers,
planters and honest seamen from the King's ships
went there for their amusement. Sometimes she
would exhibit female boxers and wrestlers and the
audience would hallow their excitement at two
sim, pretty girls fighting like cats until their
scanty clothing was ripped to shreds and their
litle bodies scratched and bleeding in dozens of
places. Brawls among her
audiences were common. It
was there that a famous
method of settling disputes
started.

One night two privateers-
men, a Frenchman and an
Englishman, had disagreed
over the beauty of
a Spanish girl.
Fired with rum
they dashed their
glasses in each

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood— Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before



Captain Lewis giving a lock of his hair to the Devil.
Old Woodcut of This Curious Rite Performed by a Pirate Famous Both
at Tortoise Island and Port Royal.

other's faces and yanked their hangers from their
scabbards preparing to fight it out then and there.

"Nay, gentlemen," called the Princess, seated
in her silken chair beside a simpering dandy from
Spanish Town. "Fight like gentlemen should. No
bloody pirate work here."

"Would ye have us punk each other wi' bodkins
like yon lily-faced squeak?" growled the English-
man.

"Why not? Here."

She tore a silken scarf from her white shoul-
ders. She handed one end to the Englishman, the
other to his adversary.

"Now, my fine bulles, dirks only. Hold the

(Continued on Page 12)

The Pirate Banister, hanging at the Yard Arm.



"On the Tortugas," by Howard Pyle. A Pirate Left Dead on One of the
Tortoise Islands After a Duel.





How the Cruellest of the Old Buccaneers Wrung Treasure Secrets from His Victims

(Continued from P. 12)

would light a pipe, or the naked chest of the victim and wait quietly until the man told where his treasure was concealed.

Sometimes the captain would mad and laugh at the victim, and flung his hat at the man's head. He would then be mercifully but he would not let him go. Sometimes the captain would he could talk to the victim. He would then be mercifully but he would not let him go. Sometimes the captain would he could talk to the victim. He would then be mercifully but he would not let him go.

Occasionally pirates landing for water along lonely beaches would find a stout and agonized boy straining from its bonds towards a noisily lashed by wind and weather, that hung a few inches from its dead grin. It amused Lolonois to stare mutely at the same time leaving them a reminder just out of reach that food never was far away.

With those reminders forever in their minds Spaniards dared to strike their colors when Lolonois' evil black ship hovered over the horizon. They fought like trapped rats and sank fighting rather than surrender.

But one day the Frenchman's luck deserted him. His ship was wrecked by tempest on the shore of Campeche, Yucatan. Most of his men managed to escape but landed with few weapons, no food and no means of protecting themselves against the Spaniards who came down the coast to take them.

During the battle that followed most of the pirates were killed and Lolonois desperately wounded. Knowing that to be captured would mean torture and death he poured sand over his bloody gashes, smeared his face and lay among a heap of dead. A Spanish captain searching for him found the supposed corpse, and, cursing it, ran his sword through Lolonois. With almost superhuman effort the pirate managed to show no signs of the agony he suffered. At last the Spaniards went away. Lolonois managed to crawl into the bush and bannings his wounds with strips of cloth torn from his dead comrades. For days he lay there starving, yet gradually collecting enough strength to move about. Search among the dead gave him weapons and he crept to a village in search of food. The village priest took him into a hut to feed him.

Lolonois showed his gratitude by stabbing the priest and stealing his habit which he used as a disguise to enable him to reach Campeche. Arriving there he found the remainder of his men in dungeons awaiting execution. The people were rejoicing at the report that the notorious Lolonois had been slain.

But that second he had his thin-pinned grin beneath his priest's hood and managed to get into the dungeons to visit the pirates. That night the priestly figure stopped to talk to guards in the gloomy passages and every man he left sank to the ground and

stayed there bleeding quietly from knife stabs. Before morning the pirates were free. They seized two canoes in the port and in less than a week were celebrating their escape in the dives of Tortuga.

Eager to make up for the loss of ship, Lolonois prepared to get back to sea. Someone told him of a rich little port in Cuba called de los Cavos where the Indians did a good trade in tobacco, hides and sugar. But a fisherman saw his canoes and warned the villagers who sent a report to the Governor at Havana that Lolonois was about to attack them.

The Governor sent a force of thirty men in a launch ship to the village.

The pirates had no ship but had made the journey from Tortuga in two canoes. They captured some fishermen who told them of the arrival of the Governor's ship. At night they stalked it and when near dawn they saw the man-of-war they approached quietly.

"Who comes?" hailed the lookout.

"Three fishermen," answered one of the pirates. "Have ye seen sight of bloody pirates about?"

"Nay. They must have been of your coming and fled."

But the two canoes were still in the glow on one to port and one to starboard of the big ship.

At last the search was over. Lolonois' evil black ship hovered over the horizon. They fought like trapped rats and sank fighting rather than surrender.

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rapers, a heavily balanced with silver bell hilts.

The women ran into a small yard where beneath the trees was a clear patch of flat grass. With a grand gesture the Cuban ripped the tight bodice from her shoulders. The Spanish girl tightened, did the same and went at it, strpped to their waists.

Lolonois his eyes lit in his thin brows. He caught his breath as the only slim blades old and chattered over each other the points now stained and from many tiny wounds blood dripped down the shapely bodies of the ladies.

AT LAST the dark girl dropped to the grass, spilt by the victor's sword. Lolonois' eyes lit in his thin brows. He caught his breath as the only slim blades old and chattered over each other the points now stained and from many tiny wounds blood dripped down the shapely bodies of the ladies.

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"Damn! Stop!" growled the Frenchman. "Come here." The Englishman wheeled, reaching for his cutlass. But there was a movement behind him; his eyes widened with surprise, he coughed and dropped, a brass-hilted dagger in his back. A hare-priest pirate nodded, grinning at Lolonois from behind him.

"Now, my lady," crooned the pirate chief.

The girl stared down at the dead man. Her eyes lifted glaring about her like a mad thing. She snatched a pistol from the sash of a massive Negro grinning beside her. But Lolonois was quicker. As the great bell mouth swung toward him he twisted, small acroft from his belt and fired. The girl dropped.

Lolonois captured many a girl after that, but never could he find one like the Spanish lady. It was said that he found her brothers in Maracabo and slaughtered them with frightful torture.

A few years later, while leading a raiding party on the Isthmus of Panama, he was attacked

and captured by Indian Indians.

To quote John Frequentis, chronicler of those parlor years: "These Indians tore him to pieces alive, throwing his body by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air, that no trace might remain of such an inhuman creature."

But the haipies and hangers-on of Tortuga didn't mind. His property was shared among his recent friends and they searched for years to find the treasure they knew he had hidden.

That booty is somewhere in that mysterious island to this day.

There is a lonely Caribbean beach where natives come to serve the sand for mulldors, piece-of-eight, ancient church vessels and blackened, blood-stained graves—part of the loot of Captain Flood.

In next week's article I will tell of Captain Flood, the greatest buccaneer of the Spanish Main—and how his treasure came, finally, to fall from the skies.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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LITTLE RABBITS WHICH YOU "PULL OUT OF YOUR HAT"

Using the same easy "Old English" recipe above, you can produce a dozen different main dishes. For instance, for fish—salmon, steaks, a cup of flaked shrimp. Spread hard cooked eggs or minced chopped cooked eggs or more changes. A cup of macaroni or another makes a still heartier dish of mushroom soup for the cream in the Rabbit recipe.

FOR mild CHEESE FLAVOR

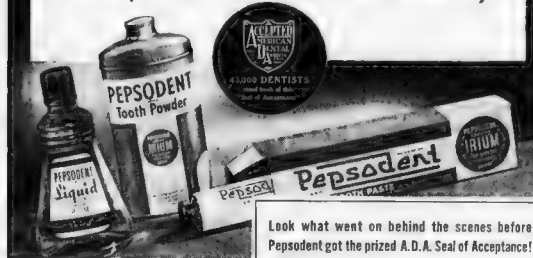
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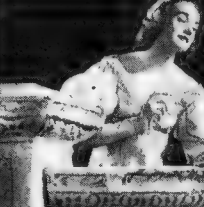
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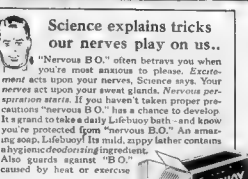
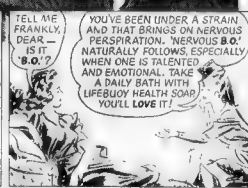
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HELEN
MADE A
LOVELY
JULIET
IN THE
CLUB
PLAY



Dost thou love me?
I know thou wilt say, and
I will take thy word

BUT AT THE PARTY AFTERWARD...
HOW DIFFERENT! The nervous tension
of endless rehearsals resulted in



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy
Its Protection lasts and lasts

LAUGHING GIRL

(Continued from Page 5)

"It's only an excuse to keep on using you. If she hadn't got that watch, I could have forced you to give her up tonight. I can still do it. I can send you to a death cell. Peter had no right to take the train of a chair. He was looking it over and speculating."

Lynne walked toward him, stopped a half dozen feet away, she puffed at her cigarette and looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"Do you know who killed Scott Higgins?"

"He killed! Your brother?"

"You don't know it? You only suspect it. Can you prove it?"

"No."

Lynne looked at him. "Darling, were in an awfully tight spot. You were at Scott Higgins' apartment. I saw you when I came out of the arway onto Fifty-ninth Street. You went up when they were taking Count Beretti out. I saw those policemen go up and I saw you come out again. You ran into them, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Were you in Scott Higgins' apartment?"

"I was standing in the doorway."

"When they connect this with your doings out West, what will they do to you?"

"Darling, Lynne said, I tell you just what happened."

"Were you there when Higgins was killed?"

"YES. I went there with a revolver in my purse. When I knocked at the door, I had the revolver in my hand. Higgins was expecting no one but Count Beretti. I surprised him, just as Brook intended to. I told him if he didn't give me the watch I'd shoot him, and I meant it, and he knew I meant it. He'd just given me the watch when Brook knocked at the door. I slipped into the back room. Did you notice that curtain in the doorway?"

"Yes."

"I was back of that. I saw everything. Brook's hand in his pocket was minutely clutching a gun. It was too plain to be missed. He said, 'Where is the watch?' and Higgins said, 'You ought to know, Van.' And Brook said, 'You're not going to double cross me again.' And Higgins said, 'I wouldn't dream of trying, Van. She's back there. Help yourself.'"

"Brook started for the back room, and as he did, Higgins reached into his pocket and Brook shot him. Twice And while he was searching the apartment, I slipped out the back window and down the fire escape."

"I tell you, Brook must have started out the front door and run into Count Beretti and snatched him with his gun. I don't know. I didn't see Brook again. I haven't seen him since."

"He doesn't realize it, does he? Peter interrupted. 'That you were there.'"

"Of course not! He thought Higgins was just being crafty. Brook started for the back room then he thought Higgins was tricking him into turning his back and when he looked and saw Higgins' hand going into his pocket, presumably for a gun, he shot him. At least, that's how it seemed to me. And by the way, darling, Brook wore a pair of gray gloves. And I doubt if anyone saw him go in and certainly no one saw him go out."

"One of my men saw him go in."

"Edith Deane?"

"Yes."

Lynne smiled and smashed out her cigarette in a tray. "Edith's a jailbird, Peter. Would he have any good in court?"

"It might."

"Don't be silly. They'll hang the murder on you, Peter. You can't wriggle out of it. And I'm the only one who can save you. I'll do it—on one condition."

"Peter was nodding. 'I know.'"

"That you get rid of Sandra tonight and divorce her as soon as possible. Darling, I mean it. I love you. If I can't have you, no one else shall."

Peter said, in a dry voice, "Would you let them elect me?"

Lynne studied his face. "They won't elect you. They'll send you up for manslaughter at the worst. After all Higgins was a murderer, wanted for killing a man in Arizona. But on account of the way you've handled it, they'd be actually rough over you. You'd certainly go to prison."

She shrugged. "Well, darling, I said I love you, and I meant it. But I'm selfish and I'm quite cruel. And I have something else to think about. If I can't have you, I'm not to be an altruist and save you from prison, and go through what I'd have to go through as a consequence. My brother being tried for that murder, and convicted would be a family scandal I'll never live down."

Peter was sure that she meant just what she was saying. He had not known until tonight that Lynne was in love with him, but he had known that she was selfish, unscrupulous and cruel.

SHE walked toward him until she was only a few inches away. Her eyes were wet with tears again. She put her hands on his shoulders. Her mouth trembled.

"Darling, look. That's one side of me. For over a year, I've wanted you. I've been hoping that you'd do something, or say something that would mean you felt as I do. Peter, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. When I realized tonight that I'd lost you, I was desperate. You seem how desperate. There isn't anything I won't do. Then there's the other side. We've had loads of fun together. We get along beautifully, we're both clever. Life would be so much fun for us!"

Lynne dropped her hands. "If it weren't for that girl, you'd have come around to it eventually. You're crazy mad about her, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Lynne cried: "What has she got that I haven't got? She isn't any better looking than I am. Her figure isn't any better than mine, and she's the type that gets plump. She isn't any smarter than I am. And she doesn't even like you! She's crazy about Brook. What are you wasting your time for?"

Peter, from the depths of his discomfort, answered, "Does anyone ever know?"

Lynne looked at his eyes and her shoulders sagged. "No," she said softly. "We just go round making fools of ourselves."

She turned about, walked to the table and took another cigarette from the gold box. She tapped the end of it on the lid of the box, then tossed the cigarette on the table. She turned and walked toward Peter. Her eyes were wet again and her mouth was making grimaces.

She said brokenly: "Darling, I can't do it." She went close to him. She slipped her arms about his shoulders, then she up around his neck. "Put your arms around me."

Peter put his arms about her. She snuggled against him. She put her cheek against his coat and she sighed. She looked up at him.

"Darling, you don't love me and you never will. No matter how it works out, you'll always be in love with her. Won't you?"

Peter said miserably: "I suppose so, honey."

"Maybe you can work it out."

(Continued on Page 15)

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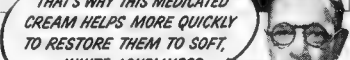
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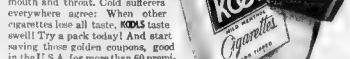
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Enrich them with luscious New Orleans molasses

Honey-Baked Beans: Follow your usual recipe but instead of sugar, use **Brer Rabbit Molasses**. To one quart (4 cups) of beans, use 1 tablespoon to 1 cup molasses, according to taste.

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If you want to give joy to hungry appetites, serve a bubbling pot of beans, baked with plenty of molasses.河南 bread, too—piping hot.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Here's What the "Injun Gal" Says:



DEAR ALMANACK:

I AM sending you some of my favorite recipes, in the hope that you can use them in the Food Almanack. I've written them as if I were telling them to you, for somehow I have trouble in reducing things to spoonfuls and quart quantities.

How for me is a tiny cabin on a lonely mountaintop. It's a mile in any direction to the nearest neighbor, and I have to make my own fire and spruce and sky. When I come in sight of the door I forget all about my French ancestry and am just plain "Injun" again. I clean up the shack, and get out the old hand woven blankets and furs that make it easy during the big snows. I cook all the things we have best tonight, you'll like them too.

HUNTER'S STEW.

Any sort of wild meat is good for this: rabbit, squirrel, duck, partridge, pheasant, raccoon, woodchuck, muskrat, venison, and moose or elk if one is lucky enough to get it. Sometimes I use two different kinds of game in one stew. Get out the old iron pot. (For all of my meat dishes I use a three-gallon iron skillet with a tight-fitting domed iron cover. Whether or not you use a heavy pot, in essence, whether it be cast aluminum, or stainless steel, I've tried tight weight aluminum and porcelain enameled, and the results aren't at all the same. Chop up 4 or 5 slices of bacon for a slice of fat than the size of your hand, 3 onions, and 1 clove of garlic. Fry together over a low fire until pieces of onion and garlic are lightly browned. Stir often lest they burn. Then put in your meat, well cleaned and cut in pieces. Keep the heat very gentle and stir often so the pieces of meat brown evenly on all sides. Add salt (and pepper if you will) we don't use it and 1 cup of flour. Stir this in and keep on stirring with a broad spatula, to keep the flour from sticking to patches on the bottom of the pan while it's browning. When flour is well mixed with fat and peppery onion or a bit of thyme, or a bay leaf, cover the pot and let it cook very slowly for 3 or 4 hours. Add a little boiling water from time to time as the sauce thickens and stir often. One is cooking the meat and gravy at the same time and meat so cooked is much more apt to cook fast than if it is cooked in a liquid. When done, add a little butter, no lumpy gravy, and no taste of raw flour. Toward the end of the cooking pour the sauce cook down.

GOOD QUEEN BESS MADE SKINLESS FRANKFURTERS

PERN ELIZABETH knew how to make skinless frankfurters centuries before they reappeared in their present streamlined form. Here is her recipe:

Take a leg of young Pork, two pounds of Beef-Suet, two handfuls of Sage, two loaves of White Bread, Salt and Pepper to your Taste; One-half the Pork and One-half the Suet must be very well beaten in a stone mortar, the rest cut very small, be sure to cut out all Grosbeaks and Lemets in the Pork; when you have mixed these together, knead them into a stiff paste with the yolks of two or three eggs; so round them into sausages.

CARROTS A LA CYRANO

THE FRENCH ARE VERY FOND OF 'EM

MRS. PARIS carrots are a highly honored vegetable. While here in America we think of them as a poor man's dish," writes Mrs. Robert Christian, Vivian, La. "More carrots are sold in France than any other vegetable. So, according to French ideas, Carrots are a Cyrano most delectable dish."

The tenderest of young carrots are chosen for this dish, a bunch of 6 or 8. Scrape and boil tender but not to pieces. Then halve each carrot lengthwise. Each half is then cupped in halves and placed in an oiled baking dish, a teaspoon of salt sprinkled over them. Then cover them thickly with grated cheese. Place in hot oven 10 minutes. To explain the favor of them would be impossible.

Mrs. Christian, we appreciate your kindness in sending us your favorite recipe. Young tender carrots are very delicious in many ways. Boiled and served with a little cream or butter, or cooked in a little fresh water served with a sprig of dill or a little fresh mint. We are glad to have your recipe and your suggestion to our file of interesting recipes. We are glad to have your recipe and your suggestion to our file of interesting recipes. We are glad to have your recipe and your suggestion to our file of interesting recipes.

ALLIGATOR PEAR AND TOMATO SALAD

1 medium avocado diced
 3 large tomatoes quartered
 1 stalk celery cut crosswise
 2 hard-boiled eggs quartered
 1 cup flaked salmon or tuna
 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon pepper

3 egg whites

Beat the egg whites till stiff, beat in sugar and put in double boiler, with hot water in bottom pan. Stir over fire, till mixture starts sticking to pan. Remove from fire, and sift in the mixed cornstarch and flour. Beat well, and while beating add dates, nuts and coconut. Set aside for ten minutes, then drop from teaspoon on baking sheet, and bake in slow oven for 30 minutes. When finished, they stay in pan a minute or two before lifting out. You can use more dates and nuts and raisins instead of coconut.

(Mrs. Dale, we are delighted to award you a prize for the delicious recipe as a literary gem. I have tried a good many similar recipes, but believe yours are the very best ones I have ever tried. Thank you very much for your generosity in sharing your treasure with our friends who use Mammy Minnie's Delicious Plantation Drops on their tables.)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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FROM this little cabin buried deep in the snow-covered hills, an outpost where warmth and happiness, good food and cheer bar out victory winds and bitter cold and the news of a world gone mad, I send you this. Maybe as these dishes are simmering on your hearth, the cloud of steam uprising will paint pictures for you too and you can see with me that great procession of women of all lands and ages who have stirred the pots and tended the fires of Home.—Ah-mo.

chair and said earnestly, "Promise me that if I ever get married you'll show my wife how to make that." So girls, take notice!!

Into the iron pot, put 2 or 3 slices of bacon, diced. Let fry, stirring often. Add 3 onions and 1 clove of garlic, both chopped fine. Continue frying and stirring. Then add two pounds of good chopped beef, stirring and chopping while it browns, so that the meat separates into small

PAENSYLVANIA DUTCH PIE

NOT A DESSERT BUT A FULL MEAL

It's a substantial supper that is comparatively inexpensive to prepare. You can't beat some of the Pennsylvania recipes," writes June Dunbar, Brownsville, Pa. "Here is one of my favorites:

2 pounds of thick loin of pork
 1 tablespoon minced parsley
 1 large onion chopped
 1 red cabbage
 1 tablespoon butter

Cut pork into small pieces and divide into three parts. Place one part in a deep baking dish, cover with parsley, add onion, and third of meat and cover with catsup. Make a white sauce of butter, flour and milk and season to taste. Pour this over all the meat mixture. Add this layer of bread crumbs. Cook in moderate oven until almost done, add a cover of rich pastry rolled at least one-half inch thick. Continue baking until done—about two hours in all."

And here's one for you for sharing this old recipe with us. It is easy to prepare, savory in flavor and attractive when baked in a casserole or glass baking dish to serve when guests honor us with their presence.—Mary Lee Swann.

CREAMY CHICKEN FRANKFETERS

4 tablespoons flour
 1 tablespoon salt
 1 teaspoon pepper
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1 cup milk
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 eggs
 2 cups chopped chicken

Combine ingredients with milk. Add butter and cook until thick and creamy, stirring occasionally. Stir in chopped chicken, cool, then mold into balls. Roll in cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg and roll in crumbs again. Fry in fat at 300 degrees until golden brown. (Note—any meat may be substituted.)

BUTTERMILK SCOTCH

TRY IT FOR A SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

"W"HEN my mother, of a pioneer Irish-Canadian family, came to the States in the 70s, she brought with her the knowledge of making a delicious Sunday evening dish, especially favored at her table when they sought over Nebraska prairies. Hence Joanna Rose, Houston, Texas. "As a child, and through the teens, familiarity with what mother called Buttermilk Scotch led me to the presumption it was a common dish in the States as well as in mother's girlhood. Until she had passed on did I discover it was, seemingly, unknown in this country; at least in the Midwest."

"Into what she called a 'spider,' a large iron skillet, she would pour a generous quantity of fresh buttermilk, letting it simmer over a slow fire while she stirred in sifted flour. When the buttermilk began to thicken and when she knew the flour was thoroughly 'cooked,' she would allow it to bubble a minute or so longer; then into our bowl it went, to receive generous sprinklings of sugar, and to be eaten as modern America eats its oatmeal."

(This time we're delighted to award a prize for the excellent recipe. No doubt many Almansacks will try it themselves this very week.—Mary Lee Swann.)

MAMMY'S DELICIOUS PLANTATION DROPS

MAMMY MINNIE made these on the plantation many years ago," writes Mrs. A. Dale, Baltimore, Md. "They are different from the usual confections, and great favorites with everyone, including the children."

1 teaspoon cornstarch
 1/2 cup minced dates
 1/2 cup minced almonds

ALLIGATOR PEAR AND TOMATO SALAD

1 medium avocado diced
 3 large tomatoes quartered
 1 stalk celery cut crosswise
 2 hard-boiled eggs quartered
 1 cup flaked salmon or tuna
 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon pepper

3 egg whites

Beat the egg whites till stiff, beat in sugar and put in double boiler, with hot water in bottom pan. Stir over fire, till mixture starts sticking to pan. Remove from fire, and sift in the mixed cornstarch and flour. Beat well, and while beating add dates, nuts and coconut. Set aside for ten minutes, then drop from teaspoon on baking sheet, and bake in slow oven for 30 minutes. When finished, they stay in pan a minute or two before lifting out. You can use more dates and nuts and raisins instead of coconut.

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DUMB DORA

SHE'S NOT SO DUMB

WHERE'S YOUR CAR? I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

NO, LADY, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR. I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THE SECOND TIME I'VE PARKED MY CAR.

IT'S BITE SIZE

No More No Crumbling

Shredded Ralston

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your "regular" rule!

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